The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 155. Vol. XXVI. AUGUST, 1904. Price Sixpence.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers in this issue of The Bookman an interesting collection of pictures connected with Victor Hugo, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. William Heinemann for a number of portraits from "Notre Dame of Paris" in the "Century of French Romance" Series; to Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., for illustrations from A. Barbou's "Victor Hugo and His Times"; to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. for kind permission to reproduce on the cover of our issue the Bryden woodcut of Victor Hugo; to M. J. Rueff, Paris, for illustrations from "Lectures Modernes"; to MM. Calmann-Lévy, Paris, for placing at our disposal pictures from "L'Univers Illustré," and to other publishers for facilities afforded.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has completed his book on Coventry Patmore for the Literary Lives Series, and it will be published in the autumn.

Among the new novels to be published by Messrs. Macmillan in the autumn are "Traffics and Discoveries," by Rudyard Kipling; "Whosoever Shall Offend . . . ," by Marion Crawford; "The Food of the Gods, and How it Came to Earth," by H. G. Wells; "Helianthus," by Ouida; "The Bell in the Fog, and Other Stories," by Gertrude Atherton; "At the Moorings," by Rosa Nouchette Carey; "Atoms of Empire," by Cutcliffe Hyne, and "The Last Chance: A Tale of the Golden West," by Rolf Boldrewood.

Maria Edgeworth,
Whose "Life," appearing in the English Men of Letters Series, is reviewed in this number.
Rischgitz Collection.

Professor Walter Raleigh has made a considerable sacrifice of income by accepting the Chair of English Literature in the University of Oxford, but he has found the attractions of Oxford and the opportunities it gives for advancing the study of literature irresistible. It will be remembered that when Professor Nichol resigned the chair in 1889 the position was offered to Mr. Andrew Lang, who declined it. Thereafter it was accepted by Professor A. C. Bradley, whose success was very marked. Professor Raleigh has also proved a most acceptable and useful teacher, and it will not be easy to replace him.

Sir Ludovic Grant's panegyric on Mr. John Morley at the Graduation Ceremony in Edinburgh University, when Mr. Morley received the degree of LL.D., was re-

markable for its beauty and finish. Sir Ludovic said that Mr. Morley's literary activity might be dated from 1867, when he became editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and gathered under his banner a company of writers whose names were household words to-day. We do not by any means quarrel with this dictum, but Mr. Morley had served his apprenticeship before he took up the *Fortnightly*. He had worked on the *Literary Gazette*, and had also written many essays in the *Saturday Review*. A selection from these was published under the title, "Modern Characteristics," without Mr. Morley's name. It consisted, as the title indicates, of middle articles, but perhaps Mr. Morley showed to more advantage in his literary criticisms.

We understand that there is some probability of the reconstruction of a prominent publishing firm, which has been in temporary difficulties.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has written a new humorous work which is, we understand, a sequel to "Three Men in a Boat."

Mr. Barry Pain is engaged on a humorous novel, which he hopes to complete some time next year.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson has left England on a visit to America, where the novel which she wrote in collaboration with her husband has had a very great success.

Photo, Bassano. **Mr. Maurice Hewlett.**

A review of whose novel "The Queen's Quair," recently issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., appears on another page.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen has returned to England after his three months' tour in the West Indies. The book in which he will deal with much of what he saw and heard while abroad should prove very interesting.

We understand that a number of the songs in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Just So Song-Book" will shortly be published separately. No doubt in this form they will have a very large sale.

Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel is entitled "Lady Penelope." It will be published during the forthcoming autumn season by Messrs. F. V. White and Co.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will shortly publish, under the title of "The Green Eye of Goona," a series of detective stories by Mr. Arthur Morrison which have been running for some little time through the pages of the *London Magazine*. Messrs. L. C. Page and Co., of Boston, will publish the stories simultaneously in America, where Mr. Morrison's previous volume of detective stories, entitled "The Red Triangle," has been for some time one of the "best sellers."

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne is at present paying a visit to this country.

Mrs. Conyers proposes to follow up the success of "The Boy, Some Horses, and a Girl" by publishing this autumn a new novel entitled "Peter's Pedigree." It will be issued, as was the case with "The Boy," with the imprint of Mr. Edward Arnold.

Dr. Andrew Balfour, the author of "To Arms," etc., etc., is now spending a brief holiday in this country before returning in the autumn to his duties at Khartoum.

Some interesting notes on Emerson's poems appear in Vol. IX. of the Centenary edition now being issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. The note on "Uriel" confirms the faith of many persons that the poem is a daring allegory of Emerson's personal experience; the "young deities" are the Cambridge divinity students, the "stern old war gods" Prof. Andrews Norton; Uriel, Emerson himself. "The poem, when read with the Divinity School Address, and its consequences, in mind, is seen to be an account of that event generalised and sublimed—the announcement of an advance in truth, won not without pain and struggle, to hearers not yet ready, resulting in banishment to the prophet, yet the spoken word sticks like a barbed arrow, or works like a leaven." It is mentioned that a year after writing "Days," Emerson could not remember how or when he wrote it, and had a feeling about it similar to Dr. Holmes's about "The Chambered Nautilus": "When I wrote that, I did better than I could." Of "The Problem" we are told that it came to him like the Divinity

School Address without the usual experiments and delays.

Mr. Perdicaris is said to have prepared for publication a full narrative of his captivity in Morocco, including an account of numerous conversations which he had with the Moorish chief Raisuli, who detained him as a captive.

It was intended that a prefatory essay by Mr. H. G. Wells should introduce Mr. Gissing's posthumous story, "Veranilda." We understand that a paper by Mr. Frederic Harrison will take its place. We hope that Mr. Wells' estimate will be published elsewhere. There is still room for a thorough and careful criticism of Gissing's work.

Professor Henry Van Dyke, who is visiting this country, will publish a new volume of verse in the autumn through Messrs. Scribners. We believe the first edition will be 10,000 copies, a very large number for a book of poetry.

Few recent works have been more popular than the "Letters of a Self-made Merchant," by Mr. G. H. Lorimer. Mr. Lorimer will issue in the autumn a second volume, entitled "Old Gorgon Graham."

Professor Edwin Cannan's new edition of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" will appear in the autumn in two volumes. They will contain elaborate notes and an introduction.

The favourite American essayist, Miss Agnes Repplier, who has been praised by Mr. Andrew Lang, has written for *Harper's Magazine* an article on the "Electrical Theory of Matter."

Mr. Francis Miltoun has written a book on the attractive subject of Dumas' Paris, which will be illustrated.

Mr. Clive Holland, whose novels, "Mousmé" and "A Japanese Wife," have been enjoying a very large sale in popular editions, has completed a new book, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue this autumn under the title "A Japanese Romance." It will be profusely illustrated.

Mr. Henry James has finished his new novel, "The Golden Bowl," and will, according to present arrangements, sail for America next month. His present intention is to spend at least six months in the States on the work which he has planned.

Mr. Hornung is writing a new series of stories in the vein of "The Amateur Cracksman." The tales will be published simultaneously in English and American magazines.

Mr. John Oxenham is writing the new serial story for *Chambers' Journal*. In this magazine appeared serially "Barbe of Grand Bayou," which has so far proved Mr. Oxenham's most popular novel.

Photo, Nadar. **George Sand.**

The Correspondence of George Sand with Alfred de Musset has recently been published in Brussels. A review of the book appears in another column.

Mr. Marriott Watson's novel, "Hurricane Island," is to be published in volume form this autumn on the completion of its serial issue in *Good Words*. As a serial the story has achieved considerable success in America.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell, whose portrait we publish this month, is one of the three sons of Mrs. Maxwell, who, as M. E. Braddon, is known all over the English-speaking world as the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" and many other popular novels. Mr. Maxwell is the author of "The Ragged Messenger," a book which has just received very high praise from the critics, and which promises, in the enterprising hands of Mr. Grant Richards, to be one of the successes of the season. Mr. Maxwell has for some little time contributed stories to the *World* and other periodicals, and a number of these were recently published in volume form by Mr. Richards under the general title of "Fabulous Fancies."

Allen Raine, the author of "A Welsh Singer," "Garth Owen," etc., etc., has just completed the manuscript of a new novel which we hear is later on to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. under the title of "The Sin-Eater."

The new novel by Mr. R. S. Hichens which Messrs. Methuen and Co. will publish during the forthcoming autumn season is "The Garden of Allah." It is anticipated that this book will have at least as great a success as the author's recently published and very popular book, "The Woman with the Fan."

"Q" (Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch) is now putting the finishing touches to his new novel, "Shining Ferry." Before being issued in book form by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, it will be published serially in one of the most popular of the religious weeklies.

The novels published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash in his "English Tauchnitz Series" are to be bound in future in a crofter brown paper cover in place of the light primrose as hitherto. This is found to be a more serviceable dust-resisting colour. The forthcoming issue, "Strawberry Leaves," will be the first volume to profit by the change.

A Portrait of Mr. W. B. Maxwell, Author of "The Ragged Messenger."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 20TH, 1904.

Brilliant sunshine and intense heat are alike antagonistic to reading, consequently the trade of the past month has been far from brisk. Those who could possibly flee to the country or seaside have done so, and those not so fortunate have been unable to exert sufficient mental energy to assimilate anything but the lightest fiction. To be out of doors and to obtain as much fresh air as possible, has been the ruling idea.

Even the 6s. novel, hardy as it usually is, has languished considerably in the sales. The output has also materially lessened. Among the latest issues, the three most popular productions have been "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett, "The Challoners," by E. F. Benson, and "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill. "Brothers," "The Ragged Messenger," "Fort Amity," "Dorothea," "A Lost Eden," "Olive Latham," and "Tomaso's Fortune" have also been prominent.

As we close our report, the publication of the most important item of the month takes place. The extra volume of "Hastings' Bible Dictionary" has been long expected, and has formed a large percentage of the orders during the past few months. A line of this importance causes in the wholesale trade a welcome break during the slack period.

An important artistic feature has been the issue of the edition de luxe of "The Life and Work of Romney," by Humphry Ward and W. Roberts.

"Extracts from Adam's Diary" has continued to be in request, together with several other volumes of a humorous nature, such as "Erchie," "A Dog Day," and "The Snob."

Parents have shown much anxiety to be possessed of "Careers for Our Sons," by G. H. Williams, a volume which has justified its appearance by the sales.

"Cardinal Newman," by W. Barry, continues to be in demand, and the latest volume, "Maria Edgeworth," in the English Men of Letters Series, has circulated freely. The same may also be said of Maeterlinck's "The Double Garden," Pastor Hsi's Life, and Mrs. Wharton's "Descent of Man."

The contest in the Far East continues to cause the appearance of volumes bearing upon the countries of one or other of the contending nations, and although the sales are in no case phenomenal, nevertheless a fair amount of attention has centred in several of the recent works, such as "Russia as it Really is," by Carl Joubert, and "Manchu and Muscovite," by B. L. P. Weale.

"Success Among the Nations" may also be chronicled as one of the successes among the books of the month.

The sale in Sixpenny Reprints has been very large, but as the works obtainable at this price number close upon one thousand, it is somewhat difficult to specialize.

Magazines and illustrated periodicals have sold very freely, notably the numbers of *The Bystander* containing Marie Corelli's indictment of the clergy and ministers of religion in general.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
The Challoners. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
The Crossing. By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)
A Lost Eden. By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson.)
Brothers. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
Fort Amity. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (J. Murray.)
Dorothea. By M. Maartens. (Constable.)
The Ragged Messenger. By W. B. Maxwell. (Richards.)
Olive Latham. By E. L. Voynich. (Heinemann.)
Tomaso's Fortune. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)

How We Recovered the Ashes. By P. F. Warner. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
Hastings' Bible Dictionary. Extra volume. 28s. (T. and T. Clark.)
The Dog Day. By Walter Emanuel. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Hall Caine.

From a Drawing by Harry Furniss.

(Reproduced from "Harry Furniss at Home," by kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.)

Erchie. By Hugh Foulis. 1s. net. (W. Blackwood.)
Manchu and Muscovite. By B. L. P. Weale. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Russia as it Really is. By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Success Among the Nations. By Emil Reich. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
Maria Edgeworth. By Hon. E. Lawless. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Cardinal Newman. By W. Barry. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Double Garden. By M. Maeterlinck. 5s. net. (G. Allen.)

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
June 25.—A fairly good week.
July 2.—Quiet in all departments.
" 9.—Slackness apparent everywhere.
" 16.—Rather brisker, especially in Export.

(2) SCOTLAND.

June 18th to July 19th, 1904.

With a fine spell of summer weather, it was not surprising that outdoor sports and pastimes attracted more attention than the study of books, resulting in poor business for the bookseller.

Of course, in summer resorts there was the usual demand for guide books, travelling maps, and all souvenirs specially prepared for sightseers attracted by the historical and picturesque.

Perhaps two of the most successful books of the month were "Trout Fishing," by W. E. Hodgson, and "The Keeper's Book," by Walker and Mackie. Although both of these volumes have now been published some little time, their popularity was felt to be as sure as ever, and booksellers stocked them without hesitancy.

Sixpenny reprints of favourite novels showed no diminution in the numbers published, but there was greater discrimination noticeable in buying. Six of the most popular may be mentioned: "Sirius and Other Stories," "Afterwards and Other Stories," "Feo," "The Under Secretary," "I Crown Thee King," and "Babs the Impossible."

The remarkable success of "Erchie," by Hugh Foulis, still continued, and although of special interest to Glasgow readers, it obtained ready purchasers in all parts of the country.

The usual business at this season was done in school prizes, as schools and colleges closed for the summer vacation, and, as a few public libraries were established in provincial towns, there was some keen competition among the booksellers to obtain contracts.

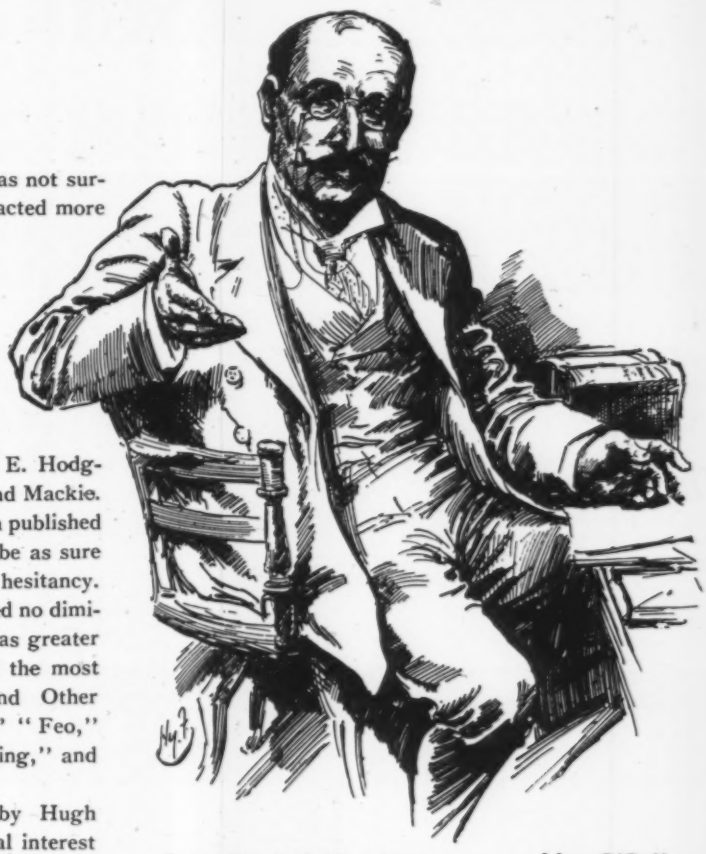
General Wauchope's Life, by Sir George Douglas, continued in steady demand, especially in Edinburgh, and, in that city also, the most attractive book for its many admirers was Oliphant Smeaton's, with its charming illustrations and literary style.

Though war literature had comparatively few readers, considerable interest was shown in books dealing with Russia, and of these the most prominent was that entitled "Russia as it Really is," by C. Joubert, and in this connection, reference should be made to books dealing with the political situation, and especially the volume called "The Passing of Arthur," by Cosmo Hamilton.

In theology, the books of outstanding merit were the late Professor Davidson's "Theology of the Old Testament," and the extra volume of the already standard and authoritative work, "Dr. Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible."

Many six-shilling novels were published, and two, at least, leaped immediately into favour as of first rank, namely, "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill, and "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett. "God's Good Man," Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, to be published shortly, had many orders placed for it.

On account of the travelling season having begun, large orders were received for the more popular maga-



From a Drawing by Harry Furniss. **Max O'Rell.**

(Reproduced from "Harry Furniss at Home," by kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.)

zines, such as *The Strand*, *Pearson's*, *Woman at Home*, *Windsor*, and *Royal*.

The following is a list of the best selling books :—

Miscellaneous.

Trout Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Life of General Wauchope. By Geo. Douglas. 10s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Russia as it Really is. By C. Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
The British Home of To-day. 5s. net. (Hodder.)
Erchie, My Droll Friend. 1s. net. (Blackwood.)
Popular Edition of Mark Rutherford's Works. 1s. each volume. (Unwin.)
The Keeper's Book. By Walker and Mackie. 3s. 6d. net. (Morton.)
The Passing of Arthur. By Cosmo Hamilton. 3s. 6d. (Nash.)
Scottish Banks and Bankers. 1s. net.
The Clyde Passenger Steamer. By J. Williamson. 6s. net. (Maclehose.)
Mark Twain's Extracts from Adam's Diary. 2s. net. (Harper.)
Printer's Pie, a Souvenir. 1s. net.

Six Shilling Novels.

The Queen's Quair. By M. Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
The Crossing. By W. Churchill. (Macmillan.)
Weaver of Webs. By J. Oxenham. (Methuen.)
The Garden of Lies. By J. M. Firman. (Ward and Lock.)
A Lost Eden. By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson.)
A Taste of Quality. By E. S. Rorison. (Long.)
The End of a Song. By the Countess of Cromartie. (Hutchinson.)
The Challoners. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Dorothea. By M. Maartens. (Constable.)
A Daughter of the Snows. By Jack London. (Isbister.)
The Greatness of Josiah Porlick. (Murray.)
The Apprentice. By M. S. Rawson. (Hutchinson.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

AUGUST 11—SEPTEMBER 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

August 11th.

SWINBURNE, A. C.—Collected Poems. In six vols. Vol. II. 36s. net the set ..... (Chatto)
PAIN, BARRY.—Lindley Kays, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE.—Henry VIII. Little 4to. edition. 1s. net (Methuen)
FARRER, R. J.—The Garden of Asia, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
GEORGE, H. B., M.A.—Historical Geography of the British Empire, 3s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)

August 15th.

MAHAFFY, J. P., D.D. (Editor).—The Particular Book of Trinity College, Dublin. 63s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
BEARNE, CATHERINE.—A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court, 10s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
HOWARD, GEORGE ELLIOT, Ph.D.—A History of Matrimonial Institutions. 3 vols. 42s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
STEVENS, NINA.—The Perils of Sympathy, 6s.... (Fisher Unwin)

August 16th.

JUNGMAN, BEATRIX.—Holland. Painted by Nico Jungman. 20s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)

August 18th.

WILLIAMSON, C. N. and A. M.—The Princess Passes 6s. (Methuen)
WALL, J. CHARLES.—Devils, 4s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
CROKER, B. M.—Johanna, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
POLLARD, ALICE and ETHEL BERNSTAGL.—Corot. Little Books on Art. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
Set Apart: The Life-Work of Margaret A. Macgregor .....(Nisbet)

August 22nd.

BATCHELOR, ANNE.—Little Golden-Hair. The Tale of Three Bears. 1s. 6d. .....(Nisbet)
TEMPLAR, MISS.—Jane: How Vain Jane became Plain Jane, 1s. 6d. ..... (Nisbet)
SPURGEON, REV. C. H.—Grace Triumphant. Sermons. 3s. 6d. (R. T. S.)
BURNHAM, JOHN.—The Triumph of Truth, and Other Readings for Mothers' Meetings, 1s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
REED, TALBOT BAINES.—Parkhurst Sketches, and Other Tales, 3s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—The Jilting of Bruce Heriot, 2s. (R. T. S.)
BEER, ALFRED.—The Heir of Bragwell Hall, 2s. 6d. (R. T. S.)
LE FEUVRE, AMY.—A Little Maid, 2s. ..... (R. T. S.)
BEDFORD, H. LOUISA.—Fighting his Way, 1s. 6d. ...(R. T. S.)
KENYON, EDITH C.—Little Robin Gray, 1s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
GUTHRIE, RAMSEY.—Davie Graham, Pitman, 1s. ... (R. T. S.)
LESLIE, EMMA.—On the Emperor's Service, 3s. 6d. (R. T. S.)
HAYCRAFT, MARGARET SCOTT.—The General's Children, 1s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
GILMOUR, GRETA.—Rhoda Lethbridge, 1s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
MORRIS, OLIVER M.—White Nadya of the Ferry, 3s. 6d. (R. T. S.)
BEDFORD, H. LOUISA.—Daniel Maynard's Fortune, 1s. (R. T. S.)
WATSON, HELEN H.—The King's Sword, 1s. ..... (R. T. S.)
PITT, REV. F. L. HAWKS, D.D.—A Sketch of Chinese History, 6s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
HOCKING, SILAS K.—Meadowsweet and Rue, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

August 25th.

TOWNLEY, LADY SUSAN.—My Chinese Note-Book, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
MARSH, RICHARD.—A Duel, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
CAPES, BERNARD.—The Extraordinary Confessions of Diana Please, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
PATTERSON, A. H.—Notes of an East Coast Naturalist, 6s. (Methuen)

August 26th.

MERRIMAN, H. SETON.—The Last Hope, 6s. ... (Smith, Elder)

August 29th.

JERNIGAN, T. R.—China's Business Methods and Policy, 12s. net (Fisher Unwin)
MEADE, L. T.—Love Triumphant, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
PLOWDEN, A. C.—Grain or Chaff? Cheap Edition. 5s. (Fisher Unwin)

September 1st.

LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Closed Book, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
CROKER, B. M.—The Happy Valley, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
MARRIOTT, CHARLES.—Orrain, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
DILLON, E.—Porcelain. Connoisseurs' Library. 25s. net (Methuen)
WORDSWORTH, CHRISTOPHER, and HENRY LITTLEHALES.—Old Service Books of the English Church, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
BURTON, ALFRED.—Johnny Newcome in the Navy. Illustrated Pocket Library. 3s. 6d. net .....(Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—Fernande, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
CAINE, O. V.—Sons of Victory, 5s. ..... (Nisbet)
KELLY, MRS. HARDING.—Showers of Blessing; Gospel Readings, 1s. ..... (R. T. S.)
PRESCOTT, E. LIVINGSTONE.—With Cords of Love, 3s. 6d. (R. T. S.)
BEVAN, TOM.—A Hero in Wolf's Skin, 3s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
WHITING, MARY BRADFORD.—Love's Sacrifice, 2s. (R. T. S.)
MALAN, DR. A. N.—The Wallaby Man, 2s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
WEIGALL, C. E. C.—In all Time of our Wealth, 1s. 6d. (R .T. S.)
WILSON, MRS. CAMERON.—His Soldier, 1s. 6d. ... (R. T. S.)

September 5th.

LOVETT, RICHARD.—Tamate: Adventures of a Christian Hero, 3s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
NICHOLS, REV. J. B.—The Advance of Romanism in England, 2s. 6d. ..... (R. T. S.)
RUTHERFORD, MARK.—Miriam's Schooling and Catherine Furze. Vols. III., IV. of New Series. 1s. net each (Fisher Unwin)
BARR, AMELIA E.—The Black Shilling, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

During the Month, Dates not Fixed.

OVERTON, ROBERT.—Overton Entertainer, 2s. 6d. ..... (Dean)
GREEN, MRS. F. G.—The Arabian Nights, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. (Dean)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Mask, 6s. ..... (John Long)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Lady Sylvia, 6s. ..... (John Long)
FENN, GEO. MANVILLE.—Blind Policy, 6s. ..... (John Long)
MUDDOCK, J. E.—In the Red Dawn, 6s. ..... (John Long)
BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—The League of the Leopard, 6s. (John Long)
CROMMELIN, MAY.—One Pretty Maid and Others, 6s. (John Long)
DIEHL, ALICE M.—Love and Liars, 6s. ..... (John Long)
YORKE, CURTIS.—The Girl in Grey, 6s. ..... (John Long)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—An Impossible Husband, 6s. (John Long)
CARREL, FREDERIC.—Marcus and Faustina, 6s. ...(John Long)
COBBAN, JAMES MACLAREN.—A Soldier and a Gentleman, 6s. (John Long)
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—The Adventures of Miranda, 6s. (John Long)
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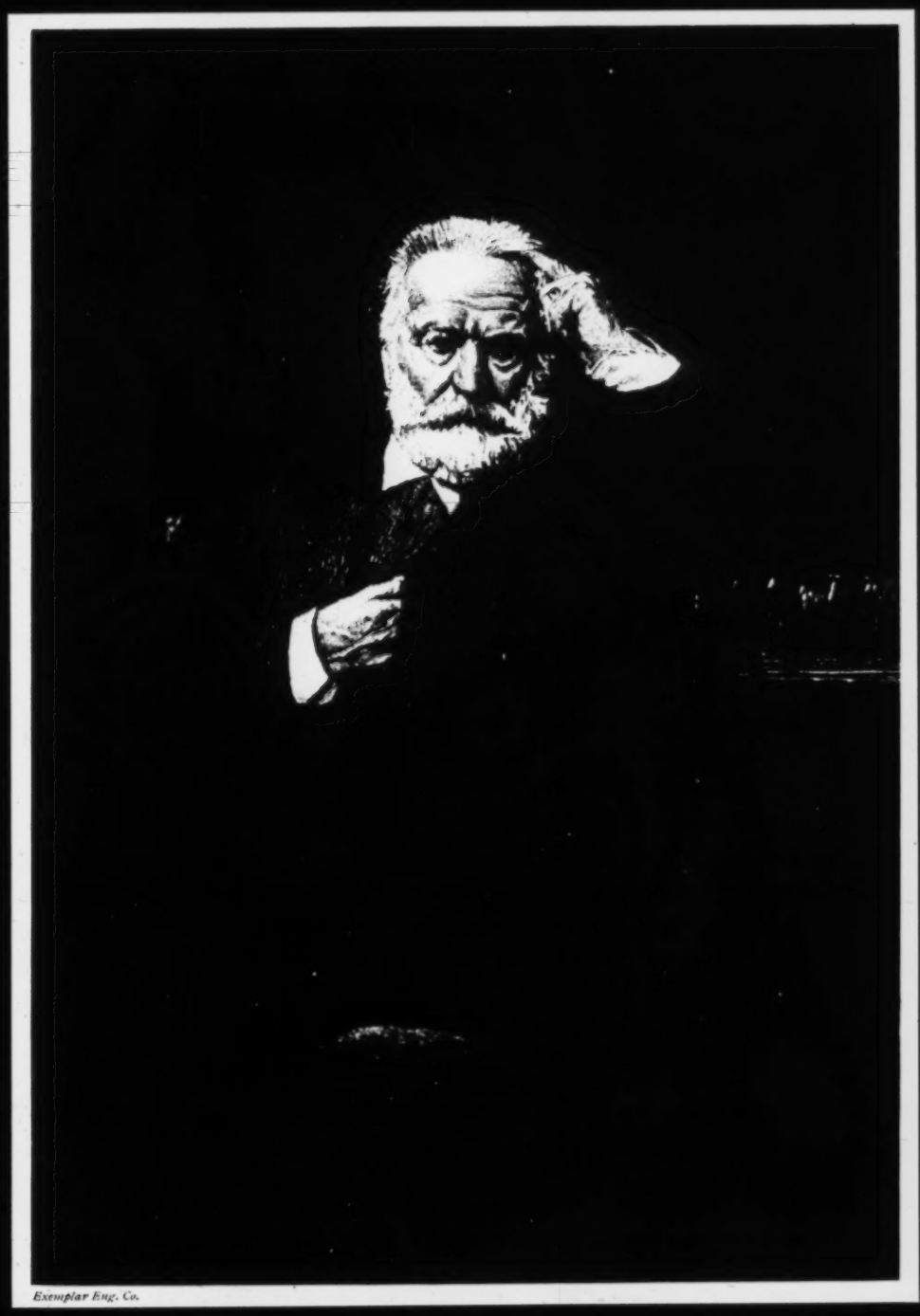

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The Reader.

VICTOR HUGO.

By Thomas Seccombe and L. M. Brandin.

TWENTY years have now all but elapsed since the death of Victor Hugo, the centenary of whose birth has already been celebrated. Ten years ago it might have been thought that his fame was destined to undergo a period of eclipse. As the older generation, to whom the name of Victor Hugo had symbolised so much besides literature, passed away the Hugo superstition would also (it was freely anticipated) fade and vanish. Time would reveal the intimate pettiness of the creator of "Napoléon le Petit." But the younger men in French literature have a very different tale to tell from this. Hugo is already to them the eponymous hero of the nineteenth century. It is "the century of Victor Hugo," quite as assuredly as its predecessor is the century of Voltaire. And Hugo is much besides this: he is the law-giver who has founded the new dispensation of French Poesy, and has broken up the antiquated tradition of Malherbe and Boileau, or, if he has not broken it up, he has at least "fulfilled it" in a very orthodox and thoroughgoing manner. Victor Hugo is the greatest poet that France has produced, and his fame is as well established in his own country as that of Goethe in his. To Englishmen in general, it must regretfully be admitted that he is still known almost exclusively as the author of a somewhat obsolete romance called "Notre Dame de Paris," who also by the way (happy afterthought) wrote "Les Misérables." It is desirable that a time limit should be affixed to this self-complacent disregard of the greatest of French poets—a poet the accidents of whose life should ensure him an especial interest for Englishmen. Political exiles have always been dear to us islanders, and of all such exiles who have sought refuge under the Union Jack the most illustrious, surely, is the author of "La Légende des Siècles," the best of whose work both in prose and verse was written in the small islands which remain to us the only souvenirs of the vast continental possessions of Henry II. and Henry V. With our two greatest writers again, Hugo has a special affinity. Both for Shakespeare and Scott he evinced the warmest and most flattering admiration. To what is, perhaps, his finest and most rhetorical critical monologue he gave the title "William Shakespeare." He stands in France for Dramatist and Romancero par excellence, as Shakespeare and Scott stand with us. He resembles them, too, in his life. Like the greatest of English authors, Victor Hugo made a large fortune by his pen. He sprang from the same middle middle-class that nearly all our great writers have sprung from. He would have preferred us to believe that he sprang from the loins of a very ancient family of Lorraine, but this has been proved to be a delusion. His grandfather was a cabinet-maker of Nancy. His father, Captain Hugo, who married in 1796 Sophie Trébuchet, the daughter of a small shipowner of Nantes, rose rapidly to the rank of general in the Napoleonic armies, and became a great favourite with Joseph Bonaparte, whose fortunes he followed from Naples to Madrid. Victor, the third son, was born at Besançon, on 26th February, 1802, and after wanderings in many lands in the train of his father's regiment was entered at the Collège des Nobles at Madrid. His education almost necessarily was somewhat confused and superficial, but it was at any rate extraordinarily varied, and after 1815, when he entered the Pension Cordier and took the science course at the Collège Louis le Grand, he showed a remarkable aptitude for (observe this) physics. In 1817 he competed for a prize poem offered by the Academy. His official biographers would have us believe that he deserved the first prize, and would have obtained it but for an indiscreet reference to his youth. As a matter of fact, it was expressly upon the ground of his youth that a "mention" was accorded to him by the judges. Similarly, the description of him as "enfant sublime" attributed to Chateaubriand must be characterised as fable. Great as he was it cannot be denied that Victor, from his youth up, was unduly gluttonous of legendary fame, and of the coarser dishes of popularity. He was never satisfied unless his name was on the boulevards and in all the cafés. This craving gives an air of theatricality to the whole of his life, and robs it of the profounder kind of interest. He is conscious in the same painful kind of way as Dickens was of the crowd on the other side of the curtain behind which he is perpetually preparing his poses. He had all the formal politeness of a Spanish grandee, but behind this calm and decorous exterior, Hugo was by no means free from those occa-

From a Miniature. **Victor Hugo.**

"A delightful miniature of the young poet executed about 1828-30, when he was in the full glory of his youth, and charm, and genius. . . . This is the finest of all the Hugo portraits. It is on ivory, painted either by an English artist, or by some unknown French disciple of the English school. It is neither dated nor signed. The poet valued it as being the most perfect exemplification of the 'fine gentleman' he had been at certain moments of his youth."—Portrait Notes by Octave Uzanne.

(Reproduced from "Notre Dame of Paris," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

Victor Hugo's Father.

"Joseph Léopold Sigisbert Hugo was born in Nancy, and at the age of fourteen was enrolled as a military cadet. His family may, without exaggeration, be described as a race of heroes; five of his brothers were killed during the wars of the Revolution; the sixth became a major in the infantry, while he himself, the father of the illustrious son whose name will ever be associated with the nineteenth century, rose to the rank of General."—Barbou's "Victor Hugo and His Time."

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sional ficklenesses and frailties of temper and understanding which serve after all but to humanise genius.

For the ten years (1821-1831) of youthful ambition and conquest that followed the death of his greatly loved mother (from whom he inherited the royalist tendencies of this period) he was the model of a devoted lover and husband. The proceeds of his first volume of comparatively tame and conventional "Odes et Poésies" (1882) were devoted to the purchase of a cashmere shawl for the adored Adèle (the Cosette to his Marius), whom he married in October, 1822, on the strength of a small pension from the restored House of Bourbon. The pension was due to a sound literary intuition on the part of Louis XVIII. There was something of "Lothair," but still more of Napoleon about the career of Hugo, in nothing more conspicuous than his treatment of crowned heads. When a play of his was vetoed by the censor he remonstrated with the King in a personal interview, and proudly refused an increase of his pension by way of solatium. We hear of his haranguing Louis Philippe until late at night when all the domestics had retired, and the constitutional monarch was constrained to take up a candelabrum with his own hands and light his voluble guest to the door. The honours paid to the aged Titian were already regarded as appropriate to the youthful Hugo. He was the Napoleon of words, and crowned heads were to tremble before the battalions that he could mobilise even when in exile upon his island.

This same period of ten years was marked by one long succession of literary triumphs. The Maturin-like romance of "Hans of Iceland," crude though it was, bore the hall-mark of genius, and won for its author the allegiance of the influential Nodier. Victor was now decorated, and reconciled to his father, from whom as an adherent of Mme. Hugo he had been alienated. In 1826 he published the greatly amended and strengthened "Odes et Ballades." He was cordially recognised by Lamartine, and sought out by Sainte-Beuve. The Cenacle or group of young enthusiasts who veiled new formulæ and new aspirations under a glamour of mediævalism already looked up to him as the one possible leader and champion. In the preface to his imaginative drama of "Cromwell" he accepted the leadership, and issued his call to arms with the air of a conqueror who has received the benison of the Pope, and whose cause is that of France and Humanity.

The preface marked the inauguration of one of those great seminal periods such as those commencing 1579 or 1798 in our literature. Every detail is magnified by the atmosphere of these momentous epochs, during which men have the faculty of perceiving the advent of divine genius by stars in the east, or other signs in the firmament. In all the crusading epochs of literature, zeal has never been more fierce, or aspiration more sublime, than it was in the movement initiated by the preface to "Cromwell."* Intoxicated by draughts of Scott, Byron, Lamartine—not to speak of Ossian and Werther, Delacroix, Berlioz, Chopin—youth was younger by far in 1826 than youth generally is. It proclaimed the "return to nature," as the youth of every great age does, under the guise upon this occasion of a return to mediæval ideas. It wore Merovingian beards and long, flowing locks; it trailed Spanish cloaks and capes, and gave the countersign like conspirators. It rummaged the oldest dictionaries it could find for new words. Théophile Gautier, in his famous *gilet rouge*, hummed the *ça ira* of the new revolution. What a glorious bouquet of demi-divine enthusiasm the too brief period exhales! As Brandes says in his enchanting picture of the movement in "Main Currents" of last century Literature:—"When, after the lapse of many years, we dryly say they formed a school, we seldom take the trouble to conjure up any

* The mountainous sweep, and we had almost said grandiose and Ossianic monotony, of Hugo's critical declamation is well illustrated by the following:—"There are three epochs in poetry each corresponding to an era in society; these are the ode, the epic, and the drama. Primitive ages are the lyric, ancient times the heroic, and modern times the dramatic. The ode sings of eternity, the epic records history, the drama depicts life. The characteristic of the first is naïveté, of the second simplicity, of the last truth. The rhapsodists mark the transition from the lyric to the epic, as the romancists mark the change from the epic to the dramatic. Historians begin to exist in the second epoch, critics and essayists come to light with the third. The characters of the Ode are colossal, Adam, Cain, Noah; those of the epic are gigantic, Achilles, Atreus, Orestes; those of the drama are human, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth. The ode contemplates the ideal; the epic the sublime; the drama the real. And to sum up the whole, this poetical triad emanates from three fountain-heads, the Bible, Homer, and Shakespeare."

adequately vivid impression of what the formation of a school of literature or art signifies. There is a mysterious magic about the process. Some one remarkable man, after a long unconscious or half-conscious struggle, finally, with full consciousness, frees himself from prejudices, and attains to clearness of vision." So Hugo, a flash of genius illuminating the landscape from the elevation to which he had attained, expressed in the preface to "Cromwell" thoughts hitherto dark, inarticulate, and confused. To those by whom ideas of emancipation are as yet hardly conceived at all, they appeal with the clarion shrillness of a watchword. "What happens? Scarcely are these words spoken than there comes with the speed and precision of an echo a thousand-tongued answer from the wounded vanities and injured interests, an answer like the furious baying of a hundred pack of hounds. And what more? First one man, then another, then a third comes to the spokesman of the new tendency, each with his own standpoint, each with his revolt, his ambition, his need, his hope, his resolve. They show him that the words he has spoken are incarnated in them. Some communicate directly with him, some with each other in his spirit and his name. Men who but lately were unknown to each other as they still are to the public, who have been spiritually languishing, each in his separate seclusion, now meet and marvel to find that they understand each other, that they speak the same language." Each contributes his own individual portion of the enthusiasm which he has distilled from life. Each contributes a profound admiration, compounded of awe and reverence, for the individual experience and the personal capacity of his comrades in the new creed, which is the worship of Art and of Truth. The meeting is electric. Each talent gains by propinquity, and the current of the new school is merged by insensible confluents into a mighty river. And the countersign that we spoke of was in this case "Hernani." The long-haired conspirators who had met years before, and had declaimed their views standing (for there were only four chairs) in the small upper room of the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, fought now in 1830, and won the great battle of Romantic Drama. Down with the formal restrictions, the cast-iron pause and cæsura, the Aristotelian unities, the restrained action, and the restricted vocabulary of well nigh two centuries of dramatic tradition! We have a humble parallel in the famous claque which Johnson formed to give battle for Noll Goldsmith and "Nature," in "She Stoops to Conquer." But the real parallel is Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" of 1588. With all manifest faults of romantic wildness, lyrical rant and strained antithesis, blind and dull indeed must the critic be who cannot feel the thrill and recognise the true creative force of dramas such as these. In praising Victor Hugo, Mr. Swinburne observes the archaic ritual that was observed in Notre Dame de Paris, and we believe in scarcely any other of the great fanes of Christendom, that of throwing up the censer full of glowing incense high into the air; but let us hear at least what he says of "Hernani." That Hugo "was the greatest tragic and dramatic poet born since the age of Shakespeare, the appearance of 'Hernani' made evident for ever to all but the meanest and most perverse of dunces and malignants." So be it!

Victor Hugo's Mother.

"She was evidently a woman of strong character, trained in habits of independent action by her husband's long absences. Thus she had been led to assume towards her sons, and especially towards the two younger, a position of double parentage. Loving them with a mother's love and entire devotion, she at the same time ruled them with a father's firm hand. Of Victor's capacity she entertained, and with more than abundant cause, a very exalted opinion."—F. T. Marzials' "Life of Victor Hugo."

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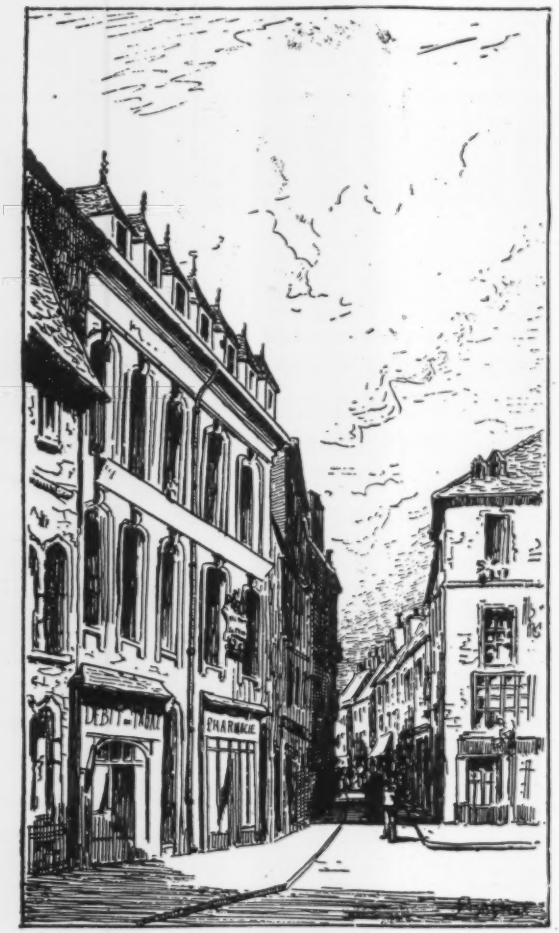
The influence of Scott upon Hugo's life-work was second only to that of Shakespeare. His ideal of Romance, as he stated more than once, was Walter Scott grafted on Homer. He had an intense admiration for the Waverley novels, and the themes of two of his earliest dramas, "Cromwell" and "Amy Robsart," were evidently suggested by "Woodstock" and "Kenilworth." He regretted that Scott, in "Quentin Durward," should have selected Louis XI. as a representative of the French monarchy. Yet when he came under the stimulus of some Constable of the French capital to project his first great historic romance, "Notre Dame," he selected precisely the same period for his "Gothic profile." But his idea of historical romance was very dissimilar from that of the Ariosto of the North.* Scott combined analytical power with the sagacity of a practical statesman, the rich and crafty humour of a lowlander with the realistic insight of the antiquary

* Extremely unlike Scott, too, as we need scarcely point out, were his passion for the excessive, and corresponding lack of humour.

and the imaginative vigour of the great historian. Hugo sacrificed realism for the romantic and the picturesque. He concentrated the high lights upon one or two pathetic or grotesque figures idealised to the highest possible pitch, and grouped with a view to heightening the impressiveness of his appeal to the ethical emotions of his audience. Much was lost, but much also was gained, and in the lamentable fate of the fascinating Esmeralda he sounds a note (we must admit) more poetic and more impassioned than we can readily associate with a Waverley heroine There is no hero (God be praised) in "Notre Dame."



The Birthplace of Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo was born at Besançon on the 26th of February, 1802.

"We left him at Besançon on the 26th of February, 1802, the doctor declaring that he could not live, the mother fully determined that he *should* live—and prevailing. . . . 'Victor Marie,' so was the boy christened, and the name proved of happy augury. In his first fight he came off victor over death."—F. T. Marzials' "Life of Victor Hugo."

(Reproduced from "L'Univers Illustré," by kind permission of MM. Calmann-Lévy, Paris.)

Hugo had already shown his extraordinary power of handling the elements of terror and pity in that grim exposition of human woe to which he gave the title "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" (1829), which, as twisted in the light of his later humanitarianism into a special plea against capital punishment, elicited from Alphonse Karr the celebrated witticism, "Que MM. les assassins commencent!" These same qualities were emphasised in the great novel of his riper years ("Les Misérables," written no less than thirty-one years after "Notre Dame," in 1862). In this, too, it must be allowed that not a few of Hugo's characteristic faults and extravagances were unduly accentuated. The feuilleton format which the great Romancero seems to have borrowed from Eugéne Sue entrapped him into not a few absurdities and sensatioalisms of the worst Wilkie Collins pattern. Such aberrations lent themselves readily to parody,* as did also the grotesque blunders of detail which more and more appeared to balance the voluminous archæological and other learning of the author of "Notre Dame." The passion for pouring himself out, the industry of his pen, became so absorbing as to allow the master less and less time to recuperate and to revive his impressions by reading and observation. But with all its faults, "Les Misérables" is one of the most poignant and one of the most epical of prose romances—an epic of oppression rising to sublimities unapproached by any master of prose that we can think of since the death of Cervantes. Take it for all in all, says a good judge (R. L. S.), there are few books in the world to be compared with it.

Hugo's specifically romantic period came to an end with the appearance of "Hernani" and "Notre Dame," in 1830 and 1831. The dignity of his domestic interior which had hitherto been so exemplary was (it must be admitted) somewhat impaired by his becoming subjected in 1833 to the charms of an actress named Juliette Gauvain, who played a minor part in his "Lucretia Borgia." Under the decorous pseudonym of Mme. Drouet, she subsequently became a regular inmate in the household of the poet, and is said to have completely disarmed Mme. Hugo by her tact. In the meantime, the devotion of Saint-Beuve had been transferred from the poet and pioneer of the Romantic movement to the Romancero's wife, while Victor, who continued the unresisting prey of a long succession of "inconnues," was to find to his cost that in Mme. Drouet he had domesticated a recording angel of the most implacable temperament. For the time being the ambitions of the poet had veered from the theatre of Molière to the theatre of politics. He was created a peer of France in 1845, and created an impression, it must seem, rather by the theatrical manner than the statesmanlike substance of his orations. In 1849 he quitted the right for the extreme left, opposed Louis Napoleon, and left Paris as a proscribed man in 1852 for a long period of exile, first in Brussels, where he wrote "Napoléon le Petit," and then in Jersey and Guernsey, where was brought to light his poetic masterpiece, in which his command of all the formal resources of verse and his kindling pictorial imagination

* An extract from Bret Harte's inimitable parody of *Fantine* is suggestive enough to deserve transcription:—"Jean Valjean came from prison with confused notions of society. He forgot the modern peculiarities of hospitality. So he walked off with the Bishop's candlesticks. Let us consider: Candlesticks were stolen, that was evident. Society put Jean Valjean in prison, that was evident too. In prison, Society took away his refinement—that is evident, likewise. Who is Society? You and I are Society. My friend, you and I stole those candlesticks. III.—The Bishop thought so, too. He meditated profoundly for six days. On the morning of the seventh he went to the Prefecture of Police. He said: 'Monsieur, have me arrested. I have stolen candlesticks.' The official was governed by the laws of Society, and refused. What did this Bishop do? He had a charming ball and chain made, affixed to his leg, and wore it the rest of his life. This is a fact!"

are alike at their apogee, "La Légende des Siècles." It now remains to say a few words of the poetic career to which this formed such a supreme culmination.

Hugo's poetry was the faithful mirror of all the dreams, all the aspirations, and all the important events of the nineteenth century. It comprises a strange combination of dream and reality, of history and phantasy. The poet has need of reality in order to launch himself into the blue heaven; then having soared around at a certain height, he resumes contact with the soil of history and of humanity. In the "Odes" he is classic in his tendencies, expressing his admiration for Raçine, and putting Molière and Boileau side by side in the same hemistich; yet he abandons the bric-à-brac of mythology which twenty centuries of hard use have fatigued, if not exhausted, and draws his inspiration from nature, taking truth for his guide, and selecting no outworn images, but such as his own heart and his own alert intelligence dictated to him. He finds inspiration in the Revolution and in Napoleon, and subsequently, in the "Ballades" and in the "Légende des Siècles," in the history of the whole world—such, at least, as he sees it in the old chronicles which chance has thrown in his way, or his extensive though desultory and uncontrolled reading suggested to him. Similarly he works in "Les Orientales" without ever having been nearer to the East than Spain—an Orient his of pure imagination, with pyramids and palm-trees, voracious tigers, camels of an admirable frugality, Djinns of furious flight, bayadères, white elephants burdened with dark-skinned women, minarets, flowery seraglios, flaming Gomorrhas, imaums, magicians, and priests of Bel! and yet all the while the spirit of this book is drawn from contemporary reality; it is the spirit of the War of Greek Independence which animates it throughout. The insight which Hugo was able to obtain even at second hand, through some Orientalist friends, into the poetry of Islam, made him much more severe than he would otherwise have been in his estimate of the French classics, and is expressly responsible for the contempt which in his later prefaces he expresses, in particular for Boileau. Other nations, he writes, cry "Homer," "Dante," "Shakespeare," but we cry "Boileau!"

"Les Châtiments" and "L'Année Terrible" both paid a heavy toll to the politics of the hour. Profoundly impulsive and resentful, the creature of indignation, pride, and personal grievances, Hugo gave himself up to the spirit of controversy like a thorough Republican journalist; he wrote in verse as others have written in prose, and side by side with details of personal injuries, and in the midst of exaggerations deplorable in themselves, though necessary, no doubt, as a part of the baggage of a party man, there are to be found some magnificent passages of satire which, blended inextricably with the theory of continuous progress, and grouped in a composition of faultless poetic art, render "Les Châtiments" (which may be held to conclude the first period of Hugo's poetic style) a work of singular originality and power.

It is not, however, until we get to "Les Contemplations" of 1856 and the earliest and finest portion of the "Legend of the Centuries" that we get to the richest and sublimest harmonies of Hugo's lyric and poetic genius, and with these blended qualities appear also in liveliest relief the blemishes pertaining to the work of this rarely

Victor Hugo.

From a Lithograph by Cheyère, dated 1828, and published by "l'Oracle Européen."

"We behold a stripling dandy, the very man to write the cold and colourless 'Lettres à la Fiancée,' who betrays not a symptom of the characteristics of genius already so strongly marked in Célestin Nanteuil's etching of but five years later. Yet this last gives us a much younger and sprucer-looking Hugo than he of the 1838 portrait, though with more distinction and less of the attorney's clerk about him."—Portrait Notes by Octave Uzanne.

(Reproduced from "Notre Dame of Paris," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

Victor Hugo.

Published in 1832 by the "Galerie Universelle," of Sarut and Saint Edme.

"Here we see Hugo represented as a good-natured citizen, of round and placid countenance, rather heavy, and without a touch of the idealist's delicacy. There, again, he appears with more hair about his face, with waving locks, and haughty mien; while, strange to say, as age advances, that Olympian brow grows less and less pronounced and phenomenal in size."—Portrait Notes by Octave Uzanne.

(Reproduced from "Notre Dame of Paris," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

Victor Hugo in 1829.

"He was then twenty-eight years of age, and nothing about him was more striking than his forehead, that like a marble monument rose above his calm and earnest countenance; the beauty of that forehead was well-nigh superhuman; the deepest of thoughts might be written within, but it was capable of bearing the coronet of gold or the chaplet of laurel with all the dignity of a divinity or a Cæsar. His splendid brow was set in a frame of rich chestnut hair that was allowed to grow to considerable length behind. His face was closely shaven, its peculiar paleness being relieved by the lustre of a pair of hazel eyes, keen as an eagle's. The curved lips betokened a firm determination, and when half-opened in a smile, displayed a set of teeth of charming whiteness."—Description by Théophile Gautier.

Rischgitz Collection.

yet capriciously endowed man. These two books alone suffice to furnish us with a complete mirror of his poetic mind. It is of the growth of this that he tells us in these two volumes—of the mind which passes in its pilgrimage from the enigma of the cradle to the enigma of the tomb, passes by youth, love, illusion, combat, and despair, and stops distracted on the threshold of the infinite. *Un sourire, Un sanglot, et L'Abîme!* A terrible disaster, the tragic death of his daughter, only served to exasperate in Hugo a tendency to a somewhat gusty pessimism and an almost morbid taste for antithesis.

In "Les Contemplations" Hugo depicts the terrible contrast between the apparent power of vital force and the sudden apparition of Death; and the impressive background on which the dread figure throws its shadow so abruptly is the implacable indifference of Nature. Subjects which perplex the frontiers of religion and philosophy throng these "Contemplations." The poet, too, reconsiders the subject of the poet's function with an amplitude of view and expression to which his earlier poems were strangers. The poet is no longer the voluntary exile who comes to console the mortals of this nether sphere in their afflictions, who loves righteousness, who celebrates and imitates heroes: he is now the envoy of God, who in God's image launches his bark on the confused ocean of ideas in order to explain to humanity the mysteries of the infinite and the rites of Nature; he is an emanation (more or less unconscious) of the Almighty Himself, a *vates sacer*—half-human, half-divine, a natural intermediary between God and man. Only compare "Le Poëte dans les Revolutions" and "Les Mages" with the early work, and see what immense strides Hugo has made, and how little by little the talent of the "Odes" has taken wings and developed into genius. An analogous difference is that between the "Ballades" and "Orientales" (of 1828-9) and the immense project so marvellously planned and so majestically achieved in "The Legend of the Centuries." This work forms, one may say, the complement of the "Contemplations." It exhibits the objective genius of Hugo just as the "Contemplations" exhibits the subjective. Into these two works are merged all the poetic qualities that had hitherto been in a state of suspension and suppression; as to the poems yet to come, they can only prolong, without adding anything of moment either to the greatness, the triumph or the supreme consciousness of power which the master already possesses.

In character, in knowledge, in the highest kind of poetic intimacy, insight, individual charm and delicate ideality Hugo is, perhaps, too often and too manifestly deficient. He is the vehicle of thoughts that come as a rushing mighty wind—and the still small voice is very rarely heard. But when all is said, in the "Legend" we are face to face with a stupendous achievement. The great poem which the author conceived and bore in his mind as he glowered upon the ocean from his marine refuge in Guernsey is a *fait accompli*. It could never have been accomplished in Paris! The Hugolaters have at least to thank Louis Napoleon for that. Unmistakably has its author as a plain matter of fact succeeded in representing to us the expansion of the human race from century to century—man ascending toward an Ideal of some kind or other from the dark shadow of the Forest, the conception of a paradise arising even from an *enfer terrestre*, the gradual and supreme emergence of Liberty—law for this life, responsibility for that to come,—panels these, composed of images more dazzling sometimes, it may be, as regards colour than closely knit in harmony of design, but all uniting to form one grand picture of the Creation illuminated by the visage of its Creator. Yes, assuredly, this grand "Legend" of the centuries of created things is the most sublime poetic effort upon anything like the same epical scale since "Paradise Lost"!

As a prose romancist, we can undoubtedly discern limitations in Hugo inseparable from a writer so inveterately grandiloquent, so monotonously *pittoresque*. As a dramaturge, he must have found his lyrical and

epical *estro* a positive obstruction to the march of the piece and the development of a likely intrigue; for fine verse is destructive of situation, and a system of characterisation so antithetic as Hugo's is fatal to one's sense of psychological probability. But *as a poet*, Hugo's supreme endowment as a word-master and phrase-maker, as a colourist and as the most perfect of artists, whether in rhythm, metre, or strophe, is absolutely beyond cavil.

He has the gift of thinking rapidly in images,—in series of images which evoke one another spontaneously, and at length, piled up range upon range, are as natural in their whole contour, and as various in outline, texture, and colour as the clouds that face the sunset. It is a source of delight to follow him from metaphor to metaphor, from image to image, with scarcely a repetition or a faulty outline in the whole of the vast range of that stupendous mountain chain of poetry.

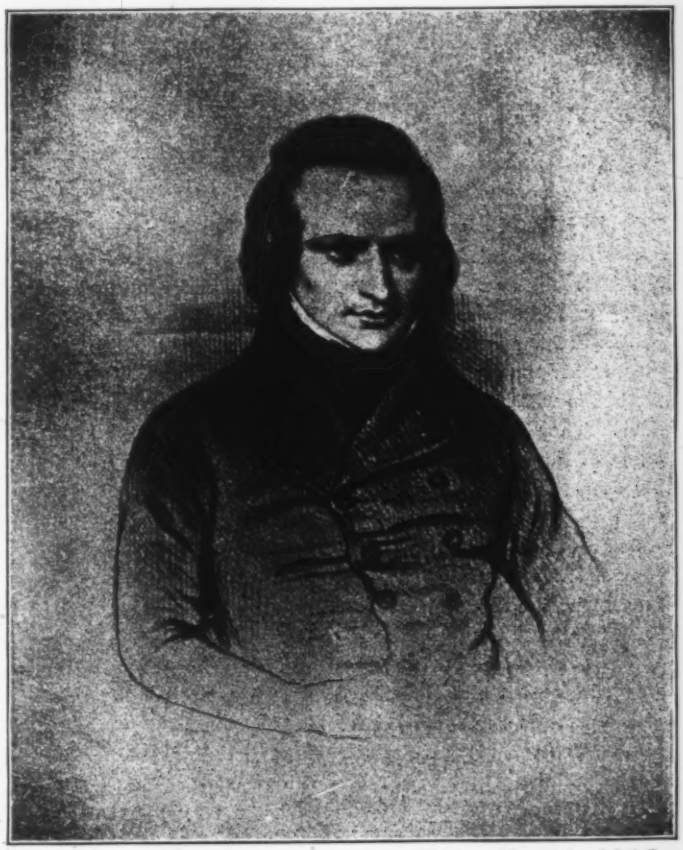
And then, in addition, Hugo discovered a perfect instrument for his thought in verse, the metres of which are extraordinarily varied, the enjambements masterly in their effect, the rhymes sparkling in their precision and clearness, the alliterations of vowels and consonants broad and deep so as to harmonise most admirably with the image he desires to imprint upon our eyes, or the sound with which he requires to captivate our ears. His strophe corresponds exactly in its scope with his idea, and communicates the nerve sensation by which the poet was moved at the instant of composition. As with prosody so with glossary, the poet's faculty of thinking in poetic figures led him by degrees to enrich the poetic diction of French by a vocabulary vast in size, rich in picturesque and ink-horn terms, yet always precise, and drawn from the best and undefiled sources of French speech.

In conclusion, is it necessary to tell how the "Travailleur de la Mer" returned in triumph to his own land in 1870? A toiler he was, truly, in the clutches of his own creations. His industry was enormous. He "went to prison" with hard labour for every great work in succession as much as when, during the writing of "Notre Dame," he ordered his clothes to be removed so that he could not go out. But literary industry of the most strenuous kind was to him as the breath of life. A little work is a bore, he used to say; plenty of work is an amusement. No genius could possibly exist with a sufficiency of ideas to supply such an avalanche of words or to sustain an execution so miraculous in its certainty. Hugo was not a great original thinker (the same, we imagine, might be justly said of Shakespeare); but his gift of expression, his literary aptitude, his technical skill were such as to give the thoughts, which he shared with the leading battalion of his generation, a clearness, a resonance, and a semblance of originality far greater than that of the profounder penseurs of his day.

When he returned in 1870, little more than twenty years had elapsed since Hugo had been to all appearances a sound Whig (as we should say), with no special pretension to be called an apostle of Altruism with a big A. He returned the great Patriot and Humanitarian, the benignant *père* of French poetry, the *grandpère* of a domestic Eden. He had lived so long within a kind of halo that he saw everything about his own career *en demi-dieu*, larger than life, in a kind of rose-tinted mirage. His old age, indeed, like that of Gladstone, was spent in the midst of an enforced ritual of democratic observance, crowds hanging on every word and gesture, which the papers chronicled with the naïveté of a Court circular. But a special irony seems reserved by destiny for the ultimate aspirations of the world's greatest romanticists. Half-Communistic as he had become in his public utterances, and didactic to an extent which no Frenchman out of the soutane had ever ventured to be before him, there is something surely pathetic in the profound homage which Hugo felt called upon to pay to Respectability—and Rentes. Mme. Hugo had died in exile, but the poet and Mme. Drouet were installed latterly in a mansion in the Avenue d'Eylau, which became a regular place of pilgrimage. No one cared to own that he had not met the glorious and aged poet. Unlike Chénier and Lamartine, unlike Shelley and Keats, Victor Hugo tasted the enchanted cup of fame with mortal lips—

"Génie entré vivant dans l'immortalité."

But Hugo retained some strong democratic tastes, among them a Carlylean affection for omnibus rides. On one of these he caught a chill, from



Victor Hugo in 1840.

"The man's nature was written noble. Rather under the middle size, of compact, close-buttoned-up figure, with ample dark hair falling loosely over his close-shaven face, I never saw upon features so keenly intellectual, such a soft and sweet geniality, and certainly never heard the French language spoken with the picturesque distinctness given to it by Victor Hugo."—Description by Forster.

Rischgitz Collection.

which, after nine days of suffering, he died on May 22nd, 1885. His testament contained the words: "I give 50,000 francs to the poor. I wish to be taken to the grave in their hearse. I refuse the prayers of all Churches. I ask for a prayer from every human soul." After lying in state under the Arc de Triomphe, he was buried in immense pomp at the expense of the State, his body, after having been conveyed through the streets of Paris on a pauper's hearse, being finally deposited in the Pantheon.

MARK RUTHERFORD.*

THE issue of a new edition of the writings of Mark Rutherford signalises the culmination of a slow but deserved fame. Few writers of real eminence have come to their own by less obtrusive means. Mark Rutherford has appealed to the few and the discriminating, rather than to the general public. It is doubtful if his books will ever be popular in the wide sense of the term. They are the productions of a highly sensitive mind, of singular delicacy and austerity; they deal with the deep things of thought and experience; and only those who have trodden some of the ways of sorrow which are familiar to Rutherford will ever feel the true compulsion of his genius. His compensation is that those who are able to receive his message invariably come to regard him with a peculiar depth of affection.

What is the secret of Mark Rutherford's charm? One of its chief elements is a certain sad lucidity of vision. He has not only sight but insight, a deep, steady, penetrating gaze which goes to the roots of things. Make-believe of any kind is impossible to him. His power of analysis is a terrible and triumphant power. He knows what is in men, because he knows what is in himself. With merciless accuracy he lays bare the secrets of the heart, scorning all excuse for weakness, disregarding conventional pleas, taking no counsel even with the decencies of self-shame, intent only on the truth. He tells us things about himself which most men would be unwilling to reveal to an intimate friend. He has no illusions about himself, or about other people. He is a realist, but a realist who deals not with matter but with spirit. All his books have a high confessional value; his greatest book, the "Autobiography," ranks with the great confessions of literature. It is as frank as Rousseau, as honest as Cellini, but it is absolutely unlike either, because it is a spiritual confession. The gross facts of life are not avoided—no confession would be worth anything that did not include these facts—but they are seen solely in relation to an inner life. For Rutherford all facts are spiritual phenomena, or have their root in spiritual soil. Hence he tells us much more about life than a Rousseau or a Cellini: he goes deeper than they, he unwinds the inmost coil, he exposes the dynamic of all action.

Lucidity of vision is accompanied with perfect lucidity of style. No writer of our time has excelled so greatly in the art of the packed and pregnant phrase, yet none shows so little trace of artifice. In the page of Rutherford there are no purple patches, not the least attempt at fine writing; yet in grave and serious eloquence it would be difficult to name his rival. He can say more in half a dozen lines than almost any modern writer—more even than so great a master of compact wisdom as Meredith. Simplicity is with him the last art of profundity. A single phrase of his often has the effect of a torch flung into an abyss; it lights up inscrutable depths, it reveals hidden secrecies of thought or motive. A single sentence serves him to describe the greatest emotional crisis of his story, the consummation of his love: but when was love-story better told? "My arm was around her in an instant, her head was on my shoulder, and my many wanderings were over." That is all, and no more is said, because there is nothing more that can be said. Stevenson once remarked that he would be a great writer if he could only learn the art of omission; Rutherford possesses this art in its perfection. His style, apparently the simplest, is the most difficult to imitate, because it has no peculiarities. It has the purity and severity of perfect light. It has no peculiarities, but it is saturated in idiosyncrasy.

The most impressive element in Rutherford's writings is the witness they bear to prolonged and intense suffering. The suffering is in the main the suffering of an over-sensitive mind, brought into constant contact with the rude and coarse facts of life. Mark Rutherford's is the kind of nature which is predestined to martyrdom—the unregarded and dumb martyrdom of the over-sensitised heart, which is incapable of reconciliation with life. It may be doubted whether any combination of circumstances, however favourable, could have given satisfaction to such a nature; with men of Rutherford's temperament the single crumpled rose-leaf counts for more than all the comfortable ease of silken couches. But the circumstances in which Rutherford finds himself are entirely harsh and unfavourable. He is brought into intimate contact with coarse natures, dull minds, distressing duties. He is not understood, and, like the great apostle, he has cause to complain that he finds no man like-minded. He suffers all the torture of the fastidious, the delicately honourable, the scrupulously high-minded, in daily contact with persons of blunt feelings, low ideals, and base instincts. One of his bitterest complaints is that his power of love is wasted. He calls twice upon his friend for once that his friend will call on him. He pours out his heart to the point of shame upon those who are incapable of any adequate response. He would gladly have stood against a wall to be shot for a friend who will not so much as call on him when he is sick. He is always asking too much of men, a depth of emotion, a perfect loyalty and sympathy, which the average man does not possess and cannot give. He is an idealist, engaged in perpetual collision with reality. For such men the world is a hard place, where every day brings its wound. And such men are more common than we suppose. Multitudes of human creatures, capable of the purest and loftiest emotion, go through life unsatisfied. Who can measure the agonies endured by the over-sensitive, for whom a single careless word or cold glance eclipses the

* A new Popular Edition of the Works of Mark Rutherford. 1s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

sunshine, and fills the years with gloom? It is these agonies that Rutherford describes as no other has described them—the agonies of loneliness, of friendlessness, of weakness, of humiliation, of the mind stung to madness by the memory of slights and scorn, of the heart ever hungry for love and never satisfied.

No doubt there is something morbid in the acuteness of these sensations, and it would be useless to deny the morbid element in Rutherford's writing. This is why books like the famous "Autobiography" can never be popular. Those who hold that the chief end of art is to give pleasure will find much to resent in the "Autobiography." They will complain that the atmosphere is too sombre, the sky too grey and low, the tone too dreary. But there is, as Ruskin has reminded us, a mountain gloom as well as a mountain glory, and both lie within the province of art. The chief question is whether the picture Rutherford draws of life is true, and all who know the real facts of life will answer with a reluctant, perhaps with an angry and vindictive affirmative. The world is full of people of high capacities and gifts who never find an adequate theatre for their exertions. Places like Cowfold, full of littleness, dulness, and stupidity, where a man of intelligence chokes and gasps for breath, are far from uncommon. People like Cardinal, tortured by domestic jealousy, and Taylor, who spends his life in semi-darkness, toiling like a helot, abound in every great city. Life, for vast masses of people, is unlovely, gross, unintelligent, wanting in every element of dignity save that of heroic patience. What we call morbid in the sensations of Rutherford is simply an unusual power of feeling those aspects of life which most people forget. The horror of life, never so much as perceived by persons of cheerful dulness, beats upon the naked nerve of this man. He has never learned the art, as George Eliot puts it, of being well wadded with stupidity. He refuses the myrrh and wine, and endures his cross without narcotics. No doubt it were wiser to drink the deadening cup, to let the mind be subdued to the element in which it works; but this is impossible to him. And so he prefers to find his way out of suffering by suffering: to master death by dying; an expert in pain, who selects nothing, omits nothing, rejects nothing, but tells the whole truth about life as he knows it.

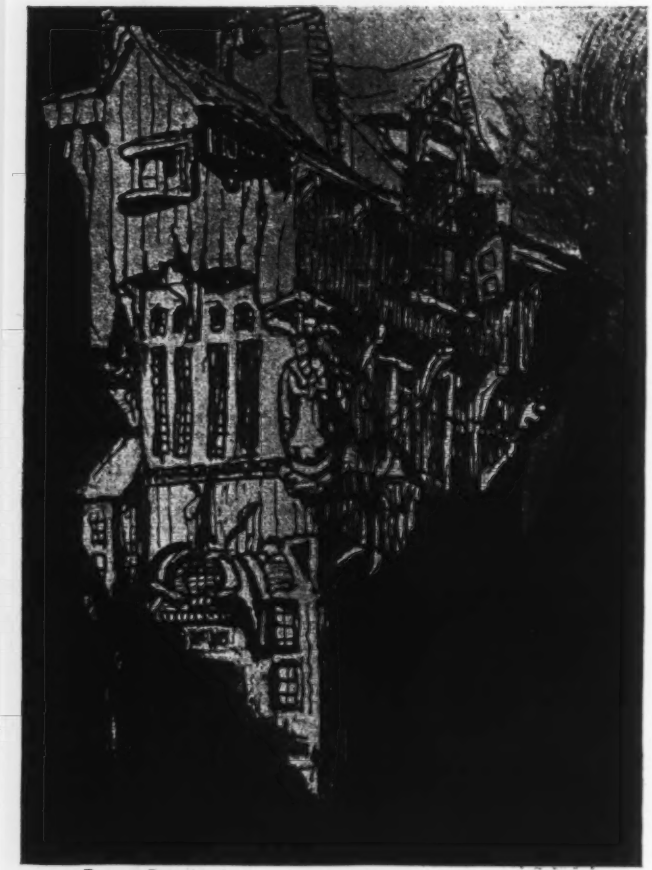
Victor Hugo's House in the Place Royale (now Place de Vosges), Paris,

Where he lived from 1832-1848.

"The house in which he took up his residence was No. 6, the same which it was said had been the home of Marion de Lorme. . . . The poet's suite of apartments was on the second floor, and was approached by a wide and handsome staircase. A door opened into the dining-room, which was adorned with some fine tapestry, representing scenes in the 'Romance of the Rose'; at the farther end were two doors, one leading to the *salon*, the other to a passage in which were the bedchambers, beyond which was the study, a room full of quaint pieces of furniture, and overlooking an inner courtyard."—Barbou's "Victor Hugo and His Time."

Rischgitz Collection.

If this were all, while we might admire the interest and fascination of such writing, we might justly question its utility. We might complain that in this case increase of knowledge is increase of sorrow, and life is already sad enough to most of us without the effort of the pessimist to make it sadder. But Rutherford is very far from a pessimist. His temper is stoical rather



From a Drawing by Victor Hugo. **An Old House in Blois.**

(Reproduced from Barbou's "Victor Hugo and His Time," by kind permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

than pessimistic. He has a message after all for struggling mortals, the old and great lesson of fortitude. Let life be what it may, it is man's business to endure, and he that endures to the end shall be saved. He frankly tells us that for him no theory of the world is possible—all theories, the good and bad alike, are in conflict with facts. He also delivers a most impressive warning against the folly of grappling with questions too big for us. As life goes on with him, he realises the folly of asking too much either from men or the veiled powers that stand behind the visible aspect of things. He insists that a brave and wise man can contrive to find life tolerable under almost any circumstances. There is a fund of available happiness which all men can draw upon if they are wise. Thus he tells us, that although no man had a keener passion for fine scenery than he, yet he managed to find a satisfactory substitute for Alpine splendours in Kensington Gardens on fine summer mornings. He relates a story of a man, crushed to the earth by a most intolerable misfortune, who found his interest in life revived by the accidental discovery of the pleasure to be found in the study of entomology. He himself, robbed of the consolations of his early creeds, still finds altruism possible, and nurtures his soul in the effort to redeem the neglected pariahs of Drury Lane. Everything is pardonable in man save flight from duty. No deprivation of faith or happiness absolves the human soul from duty. To see the worst of life and endure it, yet to continue the struggle for the best, and believe in it, is the whole duty of man. This is, at all events, invigorating doctrine, which we much need to hear. And in spite of all that is sombre and sad, there is a strong element of invigoration in the "Autobiography." Its writer has, above all things, the grace of courage, and he inspires courage in others. In the hours of faintness and weariness it is not consolation, but courage that we need, and no one can kindle our courage so effectually as one who has fought the foes that we fight, and has found out how to overcome them.

No passage of the "Autobiography" has been oftener quoted than that which describes the loneliness of Christ, and goes on to say "there is no Saviour for us like the hero who has passed triumphantly through the distress which troubles us. Salvation is the spectacle of a victory of another over foes like our own." The passage may stand as Rutherford's own vindication, and it reveals the ultimate secret of his influence. He is one of the conquerors, and for all its sadness his voice has trumpet notes in it. The present writer remembers well the tremendous impression made upon his mind by his first reading of the "Autobiography." It was the day of the first jubilee of Queen Victoria. From the thronged and shouting streets he came home to find this book upon the table, and that day he left the house no more. He read on and on, moved, awed, fascinated, till the shadows of the summer evening fell. From that day to this the book has never been far from his side. No book which he possesses has so many marked passages. It has been read again and again, and although by this time it is almost known by heart, yet it is never opened afresh without being read to the end. It is oftenest read in hours of discouragement; some instinct of the soul makes it then appear most sanative, most uplifting. It seemed to the writer years ago a great book; it seems a greater now, for he has had time to mark how many books have faded from the mind while this remains. And this personal experience is no doubt representative. If this book be not a truly great book, with all the qualities that compose the classic and inherit fame, it is difficult to say what book of our generation is great, or which is likely to outlive us.

THE QUEEN'S QUAIR.*

By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D.

THIS is no mere novel, nor merely a novel based on historical facts. It is a serious attempt to discover the hidden springs, the moving causes, of those tragic events which brought disgrace and disaster on the fair Queen of Scots. It is an ingenious attempt to solve the mystery and lay bare the truth. Mr. Hewlett holds that "no song ever pierced the fold of her secret, no book ever found out the truth, because

* "The Queen's Quair; or, the Six Years' Tragedy." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

none ever sought her heart"; but here, in the Queen's Quair, he has sought nothing else. Here he has tried to show "all the tragic error, all the pain, known only to her that moved in it." As the players were "real players in a game tremendously real," it might have been expected that he would endeavour to thoroughly master the ascertained facts concerning those with whom he deals, so that, while availing himself of the suggestions of his own fancy and imagination, he would not unjustly blacken the reputation of any one, or fall into glaring anachronisms. His study of this difficult period has been insufficient, or he has wilfully ignored and defied facts which would have interfered with his conception of things.

Some of his variations are of little consequence in themselves, and do not affect his story, such as, his representing Knox as very tall and as twice a widower, his carrying the Tron Church back into the sixteenth century, his transferring Darnley's first meeting with the Queen to St. Andrews, his prolonging their stay at Wemyss, his making their secret marriage there, and his post-dating their public marriage. Some of the variations are of importance in themselves, although they do not affect the story, such as, his making Margaret Erskine the mother of four, instead of one, of the illegitimate children of James the Fifth.

Mr. Hewlett had special reasons for venturing on some of his variations. If he had not ignored the fact that Lord George Gordon had married one of Chatelherault's daughters years before the Queen's return from France, he could neither have made Huntly offer him as a husband to her, nor could he have represented her as subsequently angry at the marriage. If he had not postponed by two years Chatelard's attempt on the Queen's honour, he could not have made Rizzio incite the ardent Frenchman to that attempt, in order that she might be driven into the Darnley net. If he had not suppressed the fact that Murray did sign the band which preceded the Rizzio murder, he could not have represented Morton as suspicious and distressed because his name was not there. If he had not recklessly said that the Queen, before the Rizzio murder, pardoned Argyll, in order to separate him from his friends of the Chase about Raid, he could have mentioned the fact that Argyll, as well as Murray, was summoned to appear on the 12th of March on a charge of treason. If he had told that Bothwell met Mary in her flight from Borthwick Castle (only a mile from it according to one contemporary account) and escorted her to Dunbar, he could not have attributed so much to Des-Essars, nor spoken in the same manner of her reception.

The Earl of Murray did not behave in the despicable, unworthy, and selfish way which he is made to do in Mr. Hewlett's pages. But he is by no means the only one whose reputation is unjustly tarnished. There would be some difficulty in establishing, for example, the charge that Lord Lyndsay "grossly loved the Queen." Mary's admirers, however, have most cause to complain. She is delineated as a woman having almost no sense of morality, and as one who was ready to debase herself for ignoble ends. It is difficult, no doubt, to clear her from complicity of a kind in the Darnley murder, and from undue affection for Bothwell. But Mr. Hewlett displays her as not only cognisant of the murder, but as desirous of it, and as gratified by it, as fully aware of the intended "ravishment" by Bothwell, and as a willing victim then and afterwards. The "Casket Letters" he accepts as genuine, and uses them against her. More than one historian, who has believed in her guilt, has suggested, by way of explanation, that she was carried away by a sudden impulse of passion. But, as Mr. Hewlett reads her heart, the leaning towards Bothwell was one of long standing.

Of her first husband, before the days of mourning were ended, she is made to say: "That ailing child! Death was in his bed before ever I was put there. My marriage! My husband! He used to cry all night of the pain in his head. He clung to the coverlet, and to me, lest they should pull him out to prayers. Marriage! He was cankered from his birth. What king was

The Salon in the Place Royale.

As for the *Salon*, it might almost be described as a picture-gallery, so numerous were the artists, including Achille Devéria, Célestin Nanteuil, David D'Angers, and others, who sought the honour of being allowed to contribute to the decoration of the apartment. At one end was a high mantelpiece, after the taste of the poet, covered with drapery, and holding some fine china vases; on the left was a sort of dais, which demands especial notice, inasmuch as it has given rise to some absurd stories.

"It has been alleged that Victor Hugo, in his vanity, used to sit on a throne upon the dais beneath a canopy, and extend his hand to be kissed by his admirers, who would mount the steps upon their knees. . . . Opposite the dais were three large windows reaching to the ground, and opening on to a balcony that ran the whole length of the *salon*, and overlooked the square."—Barbou's "Victor Hugo and His Time."

Rischgitz Collection.

Caricature of Victor Hugo, after Isabey, 1832.
(Reproduced from "Notre Dame of Paris," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

Francis, to make me a queen?" A little later, it is said that "she kissed and took kisses where she could." To Mary Livingstone, she says: "Should you take away all my lovers, I should stroke the pillars of the house till they were warm, and kiss the maids in the kitchen until they were clean. I must love, my dear, and be loved: that I devoutly believe." Mr. Hewlett does not make her actually stroke pillars or kiss kitchen-maids, but he does make her kiss her pages and be kissed by them. Indeed, he represents her as occasionally inviting a page to kiss her; and as allowing him to embrace her fondly, immediately before she set out for Glasgow to lure Darnley to his doom. One night, when she wished to avoid her husband, she locked herself up with this page in a solitary chamber, and slept with her head on his knees and his jacket over her shoulders!

When, in the spring of 1562, she learned of the Bothwell-Arran plot to capture her, she thus gloated over it in secret: "If he had done it! If he had—if he had! Ah, the adventure of it, the rush of air, the pounding horse, and the safe, fierce arms! Marry her to Arran, forsooth, and possess her at his magnificent leisure: for of course that was the meaning of it. Arran and his Hamiltons were dust in the eyes of Scotland, but necessary dust. He could not have moved without them. Thus, then, it was planned—and oh! if he had done it! So well had she learned to school her face that not a man of them [*i.e.*, the shocked elders about her] watching for it, expecting it, could be sure for what it was that her heart beat the tattoo, and that the royal colours ran up the staff on the citadel, and flew there, straining to the gale. Was it maiden-alarm, was it queenly rage that made her cheeks so flamy-hot? It was neither .... She was about to give herself the most exquisite pleasure in life—to deal freely, openly, and as of right, with her secret joy; to handle in the face of all men the forbidden thing, and to read into every stroke she dealt her darling desire. None could understand her pleasure, none could forbid it her; for none could under-read her masked words. ... Hear the sentences as they fell, like slow, soft rain, and listen beneath for the exulting burthen: 'If he had! Oh, if he had!'" Bothwell, for his share in the plot, was thrown into Edinburgh Castle. But his imprisonment was mainly a matter of form, and to the captive she sent messages and a love-token. This, be it remembered, was before she was twenty years old, and three full years before she married Darnley. Surely, it is too bad to pretend to find all this in a young girl's heart, when it is impossible to prove that she harboured such thoughts. Possibly, Mr. Hewlett has reasoned backwards from the conduct of which he believes she was guilty some four years afterwards. Such reasoning, however, is unwarranted and unfair. A parallel may be found in another part of the Queen's Quair. When she escaped from Borthwick Castle, she did so in men's clothes, booted and spurred. When, a few days afterwards, she rode with Bothwell's troops to Carberry Hill, she wore a short red petticoat—no doubt from necessity, not from choice. That was in 1567. But Mr. Hewlett makes her ride "astraddle like a young man," when, in 1562, she went north to encounter Huntly, although on that occasion she was not in male attire. Similarly, in the Chase about Raid, in 1565, he says she wore "a short red petticoat" and "the boots of a man," as if, forsooth, she delighted in being so attired.

Victor Hugo, by André Gill, 1867.
(Reproduced from "Notre Dame of Paris," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

Victor Hugo in Exile.
Drawn for an edition of "Les Châtiments."
(Reproduced from "Notre Dame of Paris," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

She was charmed, we are now to believe, by Bothwell's strong, masterly manner. Had Darnley been endowed with such a manner she might not have tired of him. She thus thought of him, and some of his accomplices, the day after the Rizzio murder. "When he held me last night he was trembling—I felt him shake. And yet—he has strong arms, and the savour of a man is upon him. ... Her mind harped upon Ruthven and the King, who had each laid rough hands

upon her—and thus, it seems, earned her approbation. . . . . Each had played the man that night! And Ruthven would play it again, and the King would not. No, no; not he!"

Perhaps in no part of Mr. Hewlett's book does the Queen sink lower than in the scene which French Paris saw enacted in Darnley's sick-room, while she was writing the most damning sentences of the fatal Glasgow letter to Bothwell. And yet, the persistent and shameless wiles by which she tempted Bothwell were as degraded and as incredible. The story of the coverlet which she saved from Kirk o' Field is retailed without the slightest hesitation, and is a comparatively innocent item among the others in which it now finds a place. Her enemies alleged that during her visit to Seton immediately after Darnley's murder, she played golf and pall-mall. That, it now seems, was not enough. She indulged in dancing and wild revelry.

"A book about Queen Mary, if it be honest," says Mr. Hewlett, "has no business to be a genteel exercise in the romantic; if the truth is to be told, let it be there." After reading this book with all its indelicate allusions, one may well doubt the propriety of writing a popular novel on such a subject, even though it should be a powerful delineation of character and a subtile discovery of motives. Objection may also be taken to the mongrel Scotch dialect which some of the actors are made to use, and still more to the irreverent use of the words of Holy Writ.

New Books.

ALFRED DE MUSSET AND GEORGE SAND.*

At length all the world may read the letters which passed seventy years ago between these children of genius, "these Venetian lovers," as someone calls them, who were in their own fancy the Romeo and Juliet of modern France. It is not an edifying story. Mr. George Meredith, in his brilliant way, has just been reminding us that we owe to the French our good manners—an opinion which Burke held, and which cannot be questioned. But though France has taught us manners, we can hardly look to it for morals, and our judgment of its literature, which is bound to dwell upon that point, will always seem to the Parisian prudish, if not hypocritical. We are very sorry; but consider the situation as exemplified in this remarkable exchange of sentiments between Lélia the novelist and Sténio the poet. Lélia herself preaches incessantly: Sténio, with infinitely deeper feeling, utters an elegy of lament over his wasted youth and dreary disenchantments. How are we not to draw the lesson? This it is precisely which has held in a charmed suspense, as though it were some "irritating mystery," two generations of European readers. The tale is now told, so far as we shall ever know it. And still it preaches more eloquently than

* "Correspondance de George Sand et d'Alfred de Musset." Publiée intégralement par Félix Decori. 3 fr. 50. (Brussels: E. Deman.)

curé or clergyman that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

George Sand was not thirty, Alfred de Musset was twenty-three, when their intimacy began. The lady had a long sentimental record behind her, and a husband living. Her nom de guerre was a reminiscence of Jules Sandeau. With half his name, said the mocking Heine, she had made herself more famous than poor Jules with the whole of it. Her great lyrical and lawless period was in full course; "Indiana," "Valentine," "Lélia" had appeared, all of them passionate pleadings against marriage as a French institution, and easily to be interpreted in favour of what is oddly termed Free Love. At this moment, Alfred, a youth of high promise, a poet, an altogether delightful and captivating apparition, enters with an éclat almost equal to Byron's. He addresses Juliet in prose, in verse, in pencilled sketches, first as an admiring friend, then as her free companion for so long as both are willing. Madame Sand leaves her two children under proper care—she was always fond of them—and with her invalided minstrel goes to Venice. The honeymoon is very brief. Temperaments differ; Alfred drinks, is quarrelsome, falls ill, and nearly dies. George is an excellent

From a Caricature by Benjamin. **Victor Hugo.**

(Reproduced from "Lectures Modernes," by kind permission of M. J. Rueff, Paris.)

nurse; but as the old romance fades, another puts on new blossoms; and by the time Alfred is able to move, his comrade has accepted, or insisted upon receiving, the attentions of Pietro Pagello, the Venetian doctor who had been prescribing for the sick poet. Alfred sets out for Paris; Pietro and George stay behind. They have his licence to be happy without him.

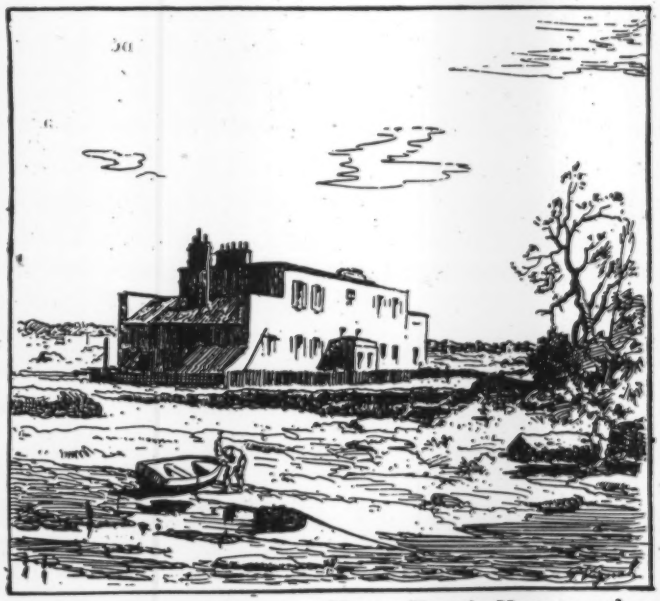
And here the most extraordinary chapter of this Rousseau-like correspondence opens.

Rousseau and Shelley, such are the names we call up again and again, as we turn the leaves, hot with wild tears, feverish with never-satisfied longings, violently scored over with rebukes, altercations, and returns of a passion which could not be still, which nothing could quiet, and which, on De Musset's part, rises to delirium or broods upon suicide. There is no reason why, at this hour, we should take sides for Juliet or for Romeo. Both are wayward, capricious, and utterly beyond the pale of the law. They write in the choicest

French, with delicate and most taking phrases, at headlong speed, but are victoriously grammatical in the very height and whirlwind of their intoxication. One is never tired of George Sand's beautiful style; yet here, I allow, the inspired Alfred outdoes even Lélia; he is full of music, like Ariel playing on an invisible lute; he mingles with his pathos an imagination as pretty as his own songs have shown at their best. Nay, we might go farther and compare half-a-dozen of these pages to the stanzas, tenderly sad and piercingly sweet, of Heine's "Buch der Lieder." There is a letter, quite unsurpassable in this key, dated from Baden, September 1st, 1834. Another written in Paris next year, in which Alfred likens himself to the unhappy Sténio—it is a comparison which the reader has made long before silently—and occupying some three pages (175-178) is a consummate little poem, at once abounding in fancy yet sincere and touching, nay, caressingly childlike in the serious playfulness of its long-drawn figures. At this final stage, after Pagello had gone back to Venice, and Alfred, a second time accepted, had for the second time grown impossible, Sainte Beuve comes in. He was the god who had brought them together in the beginning, and he now implores De Musset not to vex himself or George Sand any more. The thread is broken. A few last words bring us to the end. We know that for the lady fresh adventures were waiting. Alfred was to enrich the Théâtre Français with some perfect pieces, to stupefy himself with absinthe, and to die at forty-seven—a wreck. His letters, carefully preserved with her own, were handed by the quasi-widow in 1864 to M. Aucante, who bequeathed his rights over them to M. Decori, and thus, in the centenary year of George Sand, they have been given to the world. Critics will set them not much below the love-letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse. Those who are not critics will ask whether Alfred de Musset was ruined by this unlucky episode, into which he stumbled almost on the threshold of life.

He has answered the question himself. Ruined, yes, but before he met George Sand. Speaking of his education he tells us, elsewhere than in this volume, "I was not sixteen when I believed in nothing whatever." And of his schoolfellows he writes, "We had scarcely any creed except the denial of God and the hatred of Christ." To Lélia he confesses (p. 78), "In my youth, when I was pure and innocent, vice appeared to me an admirable, an immeasurable world; I flung myself into it with happiness as soon as I could." He had been a "heartless libertine." Self-control was a secret which he never understood, and which he would have scorned to put in practice. And his companion, the disciple of Rousseau, can but say, "It was not our fault. We yielded to destiny." What a characteristic French moral!

WILLIAM BARRY.



Victor Hugo's House on the Marine Terrace, Jersey.

The poet landed at St. Helier on the 5th of August, 1852. He left Jersey for Guernsey on the 31st of October, 1855.

"The house which the Hugo family occupied in the island stands on the low shore, a little way out of St. Helier, and bears the designation of 3, Marine Terrace. It is an ordinary seaside house enough, stuccoed and slate-roofed, with no pretensions or special character, but deriving a slightly French look from its green shutters. Along the back, towards the shore, there is a greenhouse, with grapes, and then a little garden with some evergreens, and then a strip planted with tamarisks."—F. T. Marzials' "Life of Victor Hugo."

(Reproduced from "L'Univers Illustré," by kind permission of MM. Calmann-Lévy, Paris.)

Victor Hugo amidst the Jersey Rocks.

"Notwithstanding the beauty of the scenery, the salubrity of the climate, and the luxuriance of the flowers, the poet was ever dreaming of the land which he knew not whether he should see again."

Reproduced from Barbou's "Victor Hugo and His Time," by kind permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

MARIA EDGEWORTH.*

There are few authoresses whose biography the public of the United Kingdom would welcome with more cordiality than Miss Edgeworth's, and few if any are so well qualified to write Miss Edgeworth's biography as Miss Emily Lawless. Whence comes it, then, that this promising and in many respects highly meritorious book has less hold upon the reader than many biographies in the same series of inferior persons by inferior hands? Miss Lawless herself indicates the reason. After quoting an admirable passage from "The Absentee," which alone would prove Miss Edgeworth to have been endowed with a higher degree of poetical imagination than usually allowed, she adds: "These, alas! are all the extracts which the scale of this book will admit of." On the next page she says: "But that the limits of quotation have already been somewhat recklessly exceeded." If they have, this merely denotes that the book should have been, though with reference to the special conditions it could not have been, designed upon a larger scale. Not every personage is equally adapted for the style of treatment hitherto invariable, and after so many precedents hardly admitting of variation, in the Men of Letters Series. In most cases the purely biographical interest suffices to sustain the book with but moderate assistance from quotation. When, as in the instance of Wordsworth, this can scarcely be said of the biographical incidents in themselves, the relations of the individual to literature, or to his contemporaries, may still supply matter for an attractive narrative. But Miss Edge-

* "Maria Edgeworth." By the Hon. Emily Lawless. English Men of Letters. 2s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

worth's life runs like Wordsworth's brook, now and then glittering in the sun, as when she mingles with the Parisian society of the Consulate epoch, or when her existence is irradiated, though uneclipsed, by the proximity of Walter Scott, but in general little discernible, and at intervals almost subterrene. If ever there was a biography needing support by citation from choice passages of literature or gems of correspondence, it is this. Both resources are abundantly available, but not for Miss Lawless, who, as we have seen, almost deems apology due for the moderate extent to which she has drawn upon them. The loss may be estimated by comparison with a previous biography of Miss Edgeworth, that by Miss Helen Zimmern in the Eminent Women Series. The plan of this series placed Miss Zimmern under no such disability as Miss Lawless; hence her book is half quotation, mainly derived from that inexhaustible quarry, the privately printed memoir of Miss Edgeworth, by her stepmother. We shall make no comparison between the literary execution of these two workmanlike books, but there can be no question which is the more entertaining.

Miss Lawless's great advantage over Maria Edgeworth's former biographers is her Irish nationality. She knows the people and the general environment of her heroine's best fictions, and enters into these with a zest impossible for her rivals to emulate. Herself thoroughly steeped in the local colouring of the country, she can discern where Miss Edgeworth comes short, and how this gifted writer missed the distinction which might so easily have been hers of being the prose laureate of her people. The baleful influence of her father, who insisted on revising and re-writing his daughter's fictions, counted for something; but the main cause was no doubt the want of early familiarity with the national character. Education failed to second heredity. "To have had the right," says Miss Lawless, "so to speak, of childhood in an Irish country home, and to have been—also so to speak—defrauded of that right; to have had to spend the chief—it is hardly an exaggeration to say the only years of true impressionability—in Great Russell Street, in Derby, in Lichfield, and Upper Wimpole Street, seems to me for the early years of an Irish romancer a state of affairs almost too regrettable to contemplate." It is all the more to her honour that she should have produced a story so thoroughly Irish as "Castle Rackrent," the best Irish novel, Miss Lawless thinks, and we agree with her, as yet in existence. "Castle Rackrent" stands upon an entirely different footing from any of Miss Edgeworth's other writings. "In it alone we find her regarding life—not from any utilitarian, ethical, or dogmatic standpoint—but simply and solely objectively, as it strikes, and as it ought to strike, an artist." This criticism is excellent, and only omits one feature, the intense pathos combined with the drollery and humour, which seems to prove that Miss Edgeworth could have touched deeper springs of emotion than she generally cared to probe. That the romantic element was by no means deficient in her mental constitution is evinced by her delight in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which similarly affected another representative of the realistic and didactic, the homely Crabbe.

"The Absentee" and "Ormond" receive due praise as the best of Miss Edgeworth's novels after "Castle Rackrent," though not on a par with that matchless production. Miss Lawless also notes the position of "Helen" as a transition from the eighteenth century to the nineteenth century novel. In general, however, her account of Miss Edgeworth's non-Irish work is somewhat perfunctory: her heart is evidently not in the matter. It is surprising to find no mention of "Harrington," not one of Miss Edgeworth's most successful works, but characteristic of the broad spirit of humanity which she had brought down into the nineteenth century as one of the most precious bequests of the preceding age. More might also have been made of the wonderfully vivid world of the young people whom the authoress called up around her in her tales for youth. The esteem due to these little masterpieces has been somewhat impaired by the self-consciousness of the good children and the patent utilitarianism—faults which may fairly be imputed to the despotic control exercised by Mr. Edgeworth over his daughter's writings.

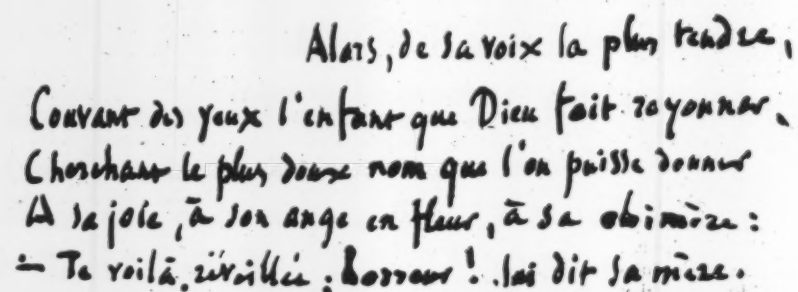
In most circumstances of life Miss Edgeworth was excellently fitted to take her own part, but when her father opened his mouth her voice was as completely swallowed up as the babble of Clymene by the bass of Enceladus. Not even moral suasion was needed to induce the most dutiful of daughters to disfigure her writings at the bidding of the best-intentioned but in this instance the most ill advised of fathers. Yet Mr. Edgeworth might have been a considerable humorist, if he had but written as he lived. Miss Lawless does ample justice to his many admirable qualities, intellectual as well as social; it is only surprising that, with her intense Irish feeling, she should have found nothing to say respecting the Essay on Irish Bulls, in the authorship of which her heroine claims a share. The quotation of Sydney Smith's lively character of this book would have contributed to enliven pages which, though far from

Madame Victor Hugo.

"Give her thy blessing, whosoe'er thou art,
She sheds a radiance on each loving heart!
To me a solace midst life's anxious fears,
Retreat hereafter in decaying years;
A tutelary saint whate'er betides,
That o'er the fares of my home presides!"
—Verses written by Victor Hugo to his wife.

(Reproduced from Barbou's "Victor Hugo and His Time," by kind permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

dull anywhere, would have been more entertaining if the principal personage could have been treated rather as the central figure of a group than as an individual. Miss Edgeworth herself had foretold the failure of a biography written on the latter plan. "As a woman," she said, "my life, wholly domestic, cannot afford anything interesting to the public." This was going too far into the other extreme: it does not seem to have occurred to Miss Edgeworth that an uneventful life may be of profound interest psychologically: but this requires the accumulation and exhibition of material on a scale inconsistent with the plan of the "Men of Letters" series. Miss Lawless has the material in the privately printed family memorial to which she makes reference, but has been unable to turn it to the full account which she would probably have wished. She has, nevertheless, made excellent use of some hitherto unpublished letters placed at her disposal, extracts from which afford some of the raciest passages in the book. Some of late date are especially acceptable as showing the continued vitality of Miss Edge


Alors, de sa voix la plus tendre,
Couvrant des yeux l'enfant que Dieu fait rayonner,
Cherchant le plus doux nom que l'on puisse donner
A sa joie, à son ange en fleur, à sa chimère:
— Te voilà, réveillé! bonjour! lui dit sa mère.

Facsimile of a Portion of Victor Hugo's MS., taken from "L'Art d'être Grandpère."

Rischgitz Collection.

worth's humour and observation. We select, however, a delightful piece of Hibernianism of an earlier period:—

Feb. 26, 1805.

Give my love to my uncle and Margaret, and tell them that I hear the Float is sunk. It is well we were not upon it! The story of the sinking has been told to me in half a dozen ways, and the report changes as fast as the figure of a dragon in the clouds on a windy day. First it was "an ass laden with Spanish dollars belonging to one Tierney, of Drogheda, that sank it entirely, only the man caught by the rope and was saved." Then it was, "Nine cars loaded with yarn, please your honour, coming to the fair, and Tierney of Drogheda along with them, and they all went down, only Tierney himself and the horses swam ashore." Then five minutes afterwards we hear that "The yarn was saved, and nothing in life went down but the Float itself, though all the men, and cars, and yarn were upon it."

RICHARD GARNETT.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SALON.

Social intercourse as a fine art! It is a subject of never-failing interest—one which in all high civilisations has occupied the attention of chosen spirits. Well, it is the history of an elaborate and successful endeavour to cultivate this by no means easiest of the arts which forms the subject of Miss Alice Gaussen's well-informed and interesting volumes—volumes of which it may be said, not only that they illustrate agreeably a period of our social history which for a long time past has been undeservedly neglected, but also that they contain instruction which might be laid to heart with profit by ourselves.

No reader of "The Virginians" will have forgotten Thackeray's picture of the appalling servitude to card-playing endured by persons of fashion of the period. Sitting down to it early to-day, they would rise up from it early to-morrow. It absorbed their thoughts, monopolised their lives, and, like all amusements which are indulged beyond due measure, soon became a fertile means for the development of selfishness, ill-humour, and a train of other evils. To Mrs. Chapone, born Hester Mulso, belongs the credit of inaugurating a reaction against the tyranny. This occurred about 1770. Mrs. Chapone's procedure was a very simple one. For cards she merely proposed to substitute conversation, and straightway there rallied round her an intellectual society, which for fifteen years to come throve, flourished, and made great its name in the land. This society became famous under the name of the Bas Bleus, and in passing it may be said that the manner in which its members held together and depended one on another is in very pleasing contrast to the looser ties of modern social life. Nor can the vast increase of numbers be held wholly responsible for the change.

It is to the various members of this coterie that Miss Gaussen, with the art of a skilled hostess, introduces her readers. First and foremost among them ranked Johnson, whose towering reputation in the intellectual world ensured for him an eager welcome. Unhappily the greatness of his mental gifts, the grandeur of his character, were to a considerable extent obscured by his bludgeon repartees and by a most unfortunate habit of "scoring off" others—of "downing" them, as he called it. Could any practice be more fatal to the comfort of social life? A graphic scene in this book shows him deliberately "baiting" Sir William Pepys, who bore himself admirably under the ordeal, on the subject of Pepys's dead friend Lyttelton. But the great Doctor was exceptional: his gifts were not of the kind which show to advantage in a drawing-room, where, on the other hand, his failings stood out in high relief. Next to Johnson in prominence came the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, to whom wealth, hospitality, and talent conspired to assign the rank of "Queen of the Blues"—a rank to which homely Mrs. Chapone (of whom a delightfully quaint portrait is here reproduced) was wise enough not to aspire. Then, in the second plane, there were Mrs. Boscawen, widow of the distinguished Admiral, Mrs. Vesey, noted for her social talent, and Johnson's pretty and coquettish friend, Mrs. Thrale, who, we are told, had more of intellectual brilliancy but less caution than the Lady Paramount. Rank and beauty, of successive generations, were represented by the Duchesses of Portland and of Devonshire—the "lovely Peggy" of Mat Prior and Gainsborough's divinity. There was also pretty Sophy Streatfeild, who looked most beautiful when in tears, and who, possessing the quaint accomplishment of weeping at will, could sometimes be persuaded to indulge the company. The didactic Hannah More, the learned Mrs. Carter ("Mrs." by brevet-rank), and shy Fanny Burney served to complete the galaxy of intellectual luminaries upon the ladies' side. Among the men—since Garrick, Reynolds, Burke were but occasional visitors—most prominent was that Sir William Pepys whom Johnson dubbed Prime Minister to the Blue-Stocking Queen, whose correspondence with other members of the set forms the staple content of the book. Sprung from the same family as the Diarist, the later Pepys possessed some at least of the traits of his more celebrated predecessor—mental activity, for example, urbanity and thoroughness. Of vivacity Samuel had much the more, but William's moral tone is greatly the more bracing. So each in his degree reflects the character of his own period: the lax and brilliant Restoration, and the better years of George the Third.

The headquarters or principal meeting-place of the Blues

Victor Hugo.

"Hale and vigorous in his appearance, precise and elegant in his attire, with unbowed head, and with thick, white hair crowning his unfurrowed brow, he commands involuntary admiration. Round his face is a close white beard, which he has worn since the later period of his sojourn in Guernsey, as a safeguard against sore throat, but he shows no token of infirmity. His countenance may be said to have in it something both of the lion and the eagle, yet his voice is grave, and his manner singularly gentle."—Description by M. Barbou.

Rischgitz Collection.

* "A Later Pepys." The Correspondence of Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart., Master in Chancery, 1758-1825, with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Hartley, Mrs. Montagu, Hannah More, William Franks, Sir James Macdonald, Major Rennell, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, and others. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Alice C. C. Gaussen. Two vols. 32s. net. (John Lane.)

Hauteville House, Guernsey.

Where Victor Hugo lived from 1855 until his return to France in September, 1870. It was whilst living at Hauteville House that he published the masterpieces of his later life.

"I have no longer a country, but I want a home. England has hardly been a better guardian of my fireside than France! My poor fireside! France broke it up, Belgium broke it up, Jersey broke it up, and now I am beginning with all the patience of an ant to build it up anew. If ever I am driven away again, I shall turn to England, and see whether that worthy prude Albion can help me to find myself *at home*. . . . I have taken a house in Guernsey. It has three stories, a flat roof, a fine flight of steps, a courtyard, a crypt, and a look-out."—Victor Hugo's letter to Jules Janin.

Rischgitz Collection.

was at first Mrs. Montagu's "Adams" house in Hill Street, Mayfair—in those days a locality not to be reached in the dark hours without incurring risk from footpads. Later the "Queen" removed to Montagu House, Portman Square, where, in the Salon of the Cupidons, the Feather Parlour, or a saloon with ceiling painted by Angelica Kauffmann, her Court was free to assemble in still greater state than before. When out of town its members would associate at Tunbridge or Brighthelmstone. Such, then, were the surroundings amid which the Blues devoted their ample leisure to culture of Friendship and the Muses—to conversation, the discussion of new books, the composition and reciting of impromptu verse and *pièces d'occasion*. During absence they corresponded with elegance and assiduity. This, in brief, is the life of which Miss Gaussen's book supplies a detailed and graphic picture.

Now nothing could be easier to-day than to pick holes, or find weak places, in the fine art of social intercourse as embodied in the practice of the Blue Stockings. Indeed squint views of any subject whatever are at all times but too easy; it is the facing of that subject fairly and fully that alone is difficult, as alone it is worth while. Even in their period of immense prestige the Blues were liable to such ridicule as that of Cumberland the dramatist, whose satire, however, is discounted by the fact of his being a coldly-viewed aspirant for the intimacy of the persons satirised. Without unfairness, it may probably be said that the Blues drove conversation somewhat too hard. This is too delicate a thing to be made to carry much weight, and Johnson's praise of that of Mrs. Montagu (vol. i. p. 133), "that it diffused more knowledge than that of any woman or almost any man he knew," seems to imply a mistaken conception of the art. The lady herself comes much nearer the mark, though without quite hitting it, when she says, "the great duty of conversation is to follow suit, as you do at whist." Then, in addition to the above defect, though setting very great store by Wit, the Blues were rather deficient in humour. They betrayed also, as was perhaps inevitable, some of the weaknesses of a "mutual admiration society," whilst more than one of them *reveals* a good opinion of himself. This is, of course, a very different thing from *holding* the same thing. So much, then, for their faults. But these faults are certainly as nothing when weighed against their merits and advantages—against their sincere and sustaining friendships, their earnestness in the pursuit of right thinking and of self-improvement, the mental stimulus and the solid satisfaction derived by them from social intercourse. If in ease and grace they fell short of the frequenters of some Gallic salons of the same century, the national genius rather than ourselves was probably at fault. On the other hand, their moral and religious tone was by far the higher of the two. And, to return to a point from which we started, one might wish very much worse for present-day society than to see a revival, if not of their methods, at least of their leading aims. It is quite impossible in a review of this length to do justice to the rich and varied contents of this very interesting book.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

BURNS IN HIS OWN LAND.*

The Burns literature continues to grow. Of the many books added to the pile within recent years "The Burns Country" must occupy a special place. It were inevitable that such a volume should have made its appearance. The birth-spot of a great man, his early and later environment, the places associated with his genius, and even those which have been touched but faintly, bear in them a perennial charm and interest. One likes, where it is possible, to tread in the steps of the Immortals, and in the case of Burns, as with Scott, nothing is now easier. Less than a century ago it was a much more difficult affair to make a journey through either Burns's Ayrshire or Dumfriesshire haunts, and it was only a comparative few who could afford that pleasure. But

* "The Burns Country." By Charles S. Dougall, M.A. Illustrations. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

The Dining Room at Hauteville House, Guernsey.

"The walls of the dining-room are adorned with four relievos in white porcelain, representing large vases of flowers, besides which there are valuable plaques, enamels, and china ornaments. Around the walls are high-backed oak chairs, on which are old paintings in the Flemish style, warlike episodes, with titles furnished to them by the poet himself. The table in the centre is large and square, also of carved oak."—Barbou's "Victor Hugo and His Time."

Rischgitz Collection.

a modern age has changed the whole record of hero-worship so far as acquaintanceship with the shrines themselves is concerned. Even in a single day it may be possible to run through the chief spots in the Ayr Burns land, and to find oneself at nightfall by the Mausoleum at Dumfries. Burns's life, for the most part, was filled up between the two towns of Ayr and Dumfries, so that these are the 'centres' whence the true (not the mere globe-trotting) tourist will branch off on his literary pilgrimages. Next to the poems themselves—for it is a rare treat to read Burns on his own native heath—he will put in his satchel, if he be wise, this most recent book about Burns and his Land, certainly the best guide on the subject ever offered to the public.

The author, it may be presumed, is himself a native of the district, or at all events, he knows it well from lengthened residence, and has made a sort of specialty of its associations, both geographical and historical, and is therefore thoroughly qualified to write about it. The result is seen in this well-planned and well-executed work, which is sure to find a loving place in all Burns libraries, and to be popular with Burns's admirers everywhere. Each of its nineteen chapters deals with some aspect of the poet's career, tracing him from point to point in swift but careful biographical outline, and at the same time telling us practically all that is worth recalling of other local memories not immediately related to him. Of the two great national heroes, for instance, Ayrshire boasts a variety of associations, and in a sense the Land of Burns may also claim to be the land of Wallace and Bruce. The Wallaces sprang from Kyle. "King of Kyle" was a mock title bestowed on "the ill-requited chief" by the jealous knights and nobles. On the banks of the Irvine, Wallace had his famous fishing-rod adventure as narrated in Harry the Minstrel's semi-mythical History. Wallace's incarceration in Ayr Tolbooth, and subsequent burning of the Barns, are events written deep into the annals of the burgh, and there is little marvel that the boy Burns at Mount Oliphant should have felt himself drawn to that most picturesque figure in Scottish story, or that he afterwards penned that most inspiring of war-odes, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Robert the Bruce, again, was of Carrick ancestry, and bore the title Earl of Carrick. From Turnberry, his initial success, to the victory at Loudon Hill, and his first Parliament, which met at Ayr, Bruce had singularly close ties with the county, and was a hero in the most real sense to the third of that grand trio, who is himself Ayrshire's proudest boast. But the number of illustrious names scattered throughout the volume is surprising—from John Scotus Erigena, to whom Ayr makes doubtful claim, down to the author of the "House with the Green Shutters," an old Academy boy, and at rest long before his time in the beautiful Ayr Cemetery. Here we read of John Knox thundering forth his eloquence from more than one Ayrshire pulpit, and of his famous son-in-law Welsh, who held the charge at Ayr for a few years. Norman Macleod, Dr. Candlish, and A. K. H. B. were among the notable Ayrshire divines of a later day. Of course, the Covenanters bulk largely in these pages, for the Burns Country is peculiarly sacred to the Covenant, with its memories of Peden, Cameron, Brown of Priesthill, James Renwick, and hosts of others who lie in sequestered country graveyards all over the shire, or out on the "vacant wine-red moor," where the whaups are crying above them, and the hill-sheep are almost their only visitants. Then Mr. Dougall has much to say about the minor poets of the Burns Country, represented by such names as Hew Ainslie and

Victor Hugo's Study at Hauteville House, Guernsey.

"On the third story is the study, a kind of belvedere, with its sides and roof composed of glass. In this study, which overlooked the little town of St. Sampson and its picturesque promontory, the poet did his work. his books lying about him at his feet, and his sheets of manuscript scattered about the sofa, or on the top of the earthenware stove. Without express permission no one was allowed to enter this retreat."—Barbou's "Victor Hugo and His Time."

Rischgitz Collection.

Hamilton Paul, both born in the same cottage at Bargany; Dr. Lawrie, of Monkton, author of "Lang lang syne"; James Montgomery and George Paulin, "the Christian poets," of Irvine; Marion Paul Aird, the hymnist; Jean Glover, who wrote "Owre the muir amang the heather"; and Janet Little, the "Scottish Milkmaid." Of Thomas Aird and Allan Cunningham, notable Nithside singers, there are some interesting if not altogether fresh references. Robert Burns, however, is the all-attractive and all-inspiring theme. His homes and haunts from Alloway's "auld clay biggin" to the final resting-place at Dumfries are described with a literary deftness and dignity which follow the reader throughout all the chapters, and never pall for a moment. The salient facts have ample justice done to them, and a characteristic of the book is the amount of light which it is able to throw on the current biographies as well as on the bard's own writings. Thus, for example, we are able to grasp many things about Burns's boyhood which a mere reading of the "Life," by Lockhart and others, does not give us. The same thing is true of his somewhat misguided youth at Lochlea and Mossgiel. One of the very best portions of the book is that relating to the Ellisland years, so happy, on the one hand, and the Dumfries life, incalculably sad and vexing, on the other. The Dumfries chapter is particularly informative, marking a fit conclusion to an unusually capable study, not only of the Burns landmarks, but of the living man himself as he appeared little more than a century since—by no means then the chief figure—in that little corner of country wedded now to his name for ever. A strong and helpful feature of the volume are the admirable illustrations—fifty in number—from apparently recent photographs and by an adept in the art. The map will be found absolutely indispensable. It may again be remarked that the book cannot fail to "grip" both the ordinary reader and the student of Burns, and that it is likely to remain for long the safest and most authoritative handbook to the poet and the land he did so much to adorn.

W. S. CROCKETT.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH'S NEW ROMANCE.*

It were so difficult to define the charm of what one may call Mr. Quiller-Couch's maturer manner that we do not purpose attempting the task here beyond saying it is a style that disdains all affectation of style—all dazzling word-trickery and magical phrase-making, and yet is, by its clear and austerely quiet diction, fascinatingly and at times powerfully effective.

This story of "Fort Amity" grows upon the imagination of the reader, and stays in his remembrance; its characters make a progressive and subtle conquest of his sympathies. The whole thing lives and is real, but it lives in that atmosphere of dream that makes romance of it without detracting from its reality. Take, for the realism of it, the stirring and vigorous battle pictures, the drawing of such a character as Sergeant Barboux, or the vivid and intimate description of John a Cleeve's sojourn among the Ojibway Indians—an experience that humanised him and broadened his outlook. He lived as one of them for six months, adopting their domestic habits, hunting and fishing with them, coming so to understand them and their chief, his friend Menehwehna, that when at the end of a successful trading season they lie around the fort "in shameless intoxication," he can sit soberly smoking by the camp-fire and look upon it all with more than toleration. "A disgusting sight, no doubt! yet somehow it did not move him to reprobation. He had lived for six months with this people, and they had taught him some lessons outside the craft of hunting: for example, that it takes all sorts to make a world, and that only a fool condemns his fellows for being unlike himself. At home, in Devonshire, he had never understood why the best farm labourers and workmen broke out at times into reckless drinking, and lay sodden for days together; or how their wives could accept these outbursts as matters of course. He understood now, having served apprentice to hardship, how the natural man must revolt now and again from the penalty of Adam, the grinding toil, day in and day out, to wrest food from the earth for himself, his womankind, and children. He understood, too, how noble is the discipline, though pardonable the revolt. He had discovered how little a man truly needs. He had seen in this strange life much cruelty, much crazy superstition, much dirt and senseless discomfort; but he had made acquaintance with love and self-denial. He had learnt, above all, the great lesson—to think twice before judging, and thrice before condemning."

Take, for the romance of it, John's meeting with Diane at Fort Amity, the love that will not let him deceive her—that

Victor Hugo.

"He was then as we have ever seen him, affable, full of welcome, thinking of everyone, forgetful of himself, and retaining no trace of his aristocratic breeding, save an exquisite politeness and familiar courtesy. When in his house you felt at home, free, happy, at ease, and warmed by a pleasant atmosphere of affection and tenderness. It was hospitality of the real right kind—that which you will find in a king's palace, and a wood-cutter's hut."—M. de Banville.

(Reproduced from "L'Univers Illustré," by kind permission of MM. Calmann-Lévy, Paris.)

forces him to risk losing his life and her by owning that he is no Frenchman, but an Englishman in disguise; and the love that, when he would expiate the wrong he considers he has done by surrendering himself to her father, the commandant, prompts Diane to stand barring his path

* "Fort Amity." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Murray.)

Victor Hugo in 1882.

(Reproduced from "Lectures Modernes," by kind permission of M. J. Rueff, Paris.)

crying out passionately, "What can you expiate? . . . . You can only die, and—and—" she hid her face in her hands. "Oh, Mehehwehna, help me! He can only die, and I cannot let him die!"

The idyll of John a Cleeve's love for Diane, the daughter of the chivalrous, obstinate old Frenchman who holds Fort Amity with a mere handful of men against the besieging English, is woven with a deft and delicate art into the larger and sterner history of England's struggle with France for the conquest of Canada. It is a picturesque and extremely interesting romance; Mr. Quiller-Couch's men and women have character and vitality; his story is finely imagined, and told imaginatively. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

ELIZABETHAN SONNETS.*

In the present day we import novels from France and America; funniments from New York, plays from Paris. In the 16th century there was a much freer trade in literary novelties. The staple imports were novelettes from Boccaccio and Bandello, mainly through a French medium, books on manners and rhetoric, dramatic and metrical "notions" of various kinds from Northern Italy, and subsequent to 1590 both the form and substance of innumerable sonnets. "Songs and Sonnets" were in every young gentleman's hands, and Abraham Slender is our witness as to the estimation in which such frivolities were held. In the two volumes of "Elizabethan Sonnets" before us, no less than fifteen of the most representative sonnet collections of this period, including the series of Sidney, Spenser, Watson, Barnes, Drayton, Lodge, and Daniel, have been brought together for all men to compare. A careful study of the subject is undertaken by the greatest living expert on sonnet problems, Mr. Sidney Lee, who in an introduction of 110 pages, continues the investigation commenced in his *Life of Shakespeare*, and is able as a result to supply the key to this curious chapter in our literary history. The key, which was mislaid during the 17th and 18th centuries, when the sonnet was in a position of unmerited contempt, is that the sonnetteers of Shakespeare's day did not even pretend to be original. They were more or less avowed "Petrarchists," plunderers of the Italian hive, and only proud to be instrumental in introducing new poetical patterns from France and Italy into England, where every kind of literary performance was, as Ascham said, "done in a manner so meanly than no man can do worse." Shakespeare is the exception: he does not merely paraphrase Petrarch, Du Bellay, Ronsard, or Desportes; but even he is saturated by the orthodox conventions of the contemporary sonnetteer, and sonnetteer in those days, as Mr. Lee has clearly shown in this marvellous introduction, is simply a synonym for picker and stealer. We apply the epithet marvellous advisedly, since no careful reader can fail to be amazed at the industry and recondite reading to which these closely packed pages bear witness. To the student of comparative literature in the 16th century this introduction is simply invaluable. The compact volumes, which are furnished with elaborate indexes, form a fitting apex to the useful series of English classical reprints, the reissue of which is now complete in twelve four-shilling volumes, under the title of "An English Garner."

* "Elizabethan Sonnets." Vols. XI. and XII. of "An English Garner." 4s. net per Vol. (Constable.)

THE RELIGION OF THE UNIVERSE.*

This book is inscribed "to the memory of Herbert Spencer, the first true reconciler of religion and science." The author's intention is to demonstrate that Pantheism follows as a logical corollary when once we accept Mr. Spencer's *First Principles*. It is true that the inference is not quite easy. Mr. Picton confesses that his master has sometimes used ill-chosen language (see for instance pp. 48, 49, 53, 69), which appears to conflict with such a deduction. "It is unfortunately true that Spencer does speak of things in themselves" (p. 65, note). "Why Mr. Spencer should have ever spoken of Pantheism as a hypothesis of self-creation passes my understanding" (p. 131). However, Mr. Picton has a perfect right, as he puts it, to adopt a teacher's root-idea without being bound by all the teacher's applications. The real interest of his book lies not in the question whether Mr. Spencer would have repudiated its thesis, but in the question whether Pantheism can be a satisfactory and sufficient substitute for Christianity. Mr. Picton in the frankest manner makes God and the universe identical terms. He quotes the latest experiments in molecular physics to show that "Science has refined away matters into nothingness, except as the mysterious veil of an unknown but adorable Power" (pp. 39-40), and he argues that these two adjectives—unknown and adorable—are in no way incongruous. A section of the book, entitled "Evil," is devoted to that standing difficulty of the Pantheist, but we cannot call the solution successful. Nor is the work as a whole comparable in force to Sir John Seeley's handling of what is practically the same subject in *Natural Religion*.

Yet, though "The Religion of the Universe" must be pronounced unconvincing, no one can read it without being moved by the deeply religious spirit of the author. Throughout his long and honourable career as preacher and politician Mr. Picton has fought the good fight. He is himself an impressive, if not a unique example of how far "a devout Pantheist can retain all the spiritual heritage of Catholic, Anglican, or Methodist"—we may even venture to add, "or Independent." All his books bear witness to a noble-minded search for truth, and this latest volume has speech with a touching personal accent. "In the last years of his life, he feels it an imperative duty to show, if he can, the adaptability of Mr. Spencer's solution to relieve man of all the moral and spiritual anxieties, distresses, and struggles, of

* "The Religion of the Universe." By J. Allanson Picton, M.A. 1 Vol. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

which during the greater part of the nineteenth century he suffered his own share with the people of that age." T. H. DARLOW.

OLIVE LATHAM.*

Alike for its vivid and realistic pictures of life in modern Russia, and for its brilliant studies of such widely differing characters as those of Olive herself, and of her two lovers, the Nihilist idealists Vladimir Damarov and Dr. Karol Slavinski, Mrs. Voynich's latest novel is a very remarkable book.

Olive's father, Alfred Latham, was the eldest son of a country banker, and had carried with him from Cambridge "the reputation of a person likely to make his mark in the world. . . . The one real passion of his heart was education for the masses. His dreams were of public libraries and free universities, of technical and physical training for all, of evening lectures and model primary schools." As the eldest son he had been expected to become his father's partner, but "he announced that he wished to be a schoolmaster," and "accepted a ragged-school post in the slum district of a northern factory town."

Presently, however, his marriage accomplished what the dissuasions of his friends had failed to do. His wife could not understand or sympathise with his aims. She admired and worshipped him, and was too sweet-tempered to complain, but "soon found herself timidly wishing that Alfred's philanthropy could take a more usual and less disagreeable form." He is fretted by the knowledge that he is thus making her unhappy, and her health breaking down, for her sake he gives it all up, and succeeds to his father in the business of the bank.

From a Photograph by Nadar. **Victor Hugo.**

So it is with a sense of peculiar satisfaction, not unmixed with fears for her and regrets for the career he had abandoned, that he sees his dead passion for spending himself in the service of humanity reviving in Olive. "The girl had shown, from childhood, a placid evenness of temper, and an equally placid determination to manage her private affairs for herself," and at the age of nineteen she goes to London as a probationer in a children's hospital. She develops into an entirely capable nurse, unimaginative, steady of nerve, quietly assertive, with an irritatingly amusing habit of looking upon everyone from the professional standpoint, with the "impersonal bedside manner of the well-trained sick-nurse."

She first meets Vladimir in London, where she makes the acquaintance of certain Socialistic propagandists, and interests herself actively in social reform work. "He is over here for a year," she explains to the Socialist clergyman, Grey, when she is rejecting his love, that she had been too dense to guess at till he began to put it into words, "taking plans of English machinery for the firm he works for in St. Petersburg. . . . He is under police supervision still. . . . He has had two years in prison, and came out with diseased lungs and grey hair. He's only six years older than I am. The next imprisonment will kill him."

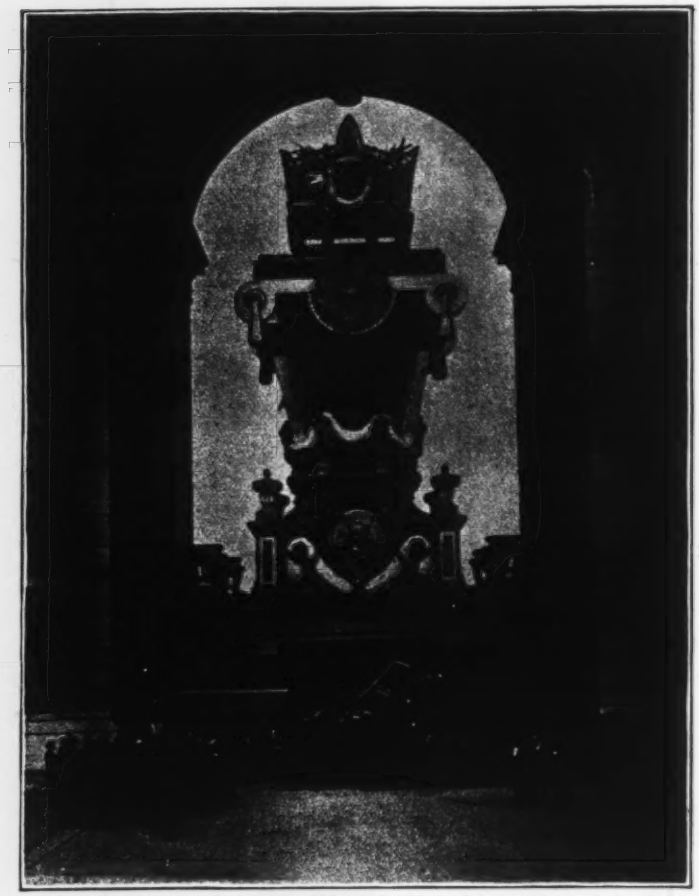
Later, while she is spending a holiday at her father's house in the country, she is summoned to Russia by telegram: Vladimir is dangerously ill, and she promptly goes out to nurse him. Dr. Slavinski is attending him; he, too, has suffered imprisonment and is under police supervision, and he is embittered with the memory of a sister who, implicated with him in a Nihilist conspiracy, committed suicide in her cell to escape a worse fate. And while Olive is nursing Vladimir, and learning more of the influences that have warped him from his natural inclinations, she comes to resent Slavinski's action in converting him from art to Nihilism. As a sculptor, Slavinski owns, when she reproaches him, Vladimir had genius. "And you," she asks, "what have you made of him?" "Nothing," says the other. "I waked him up; his own nature did the rest. It has made him what he is: a little candle in a dark place." "Oh, there's no help in that," she cried out in distress. . . . "He says he had no real talent for sculpture; you say he had genius. If so, you killed it with your politics. Do you think I can't see that he doesn't believe in it all—that he just sticks to it out of pure loyalty, mere hopeless faithfulness to a lost cause? His life has been wasted, and neither you nor he will be honest enough to acknowledge it."

During those days of their helping each other to win Vladimir back to health, Slavinski realises that he loves Olive, but he hides his heart from her with a fierce self-control. "A man afflicted with a hopeless passion for the woman whom he knew to be the solitary joy left to a friend whose life he had ruined, was fortunate if he had learned beforehand not to wince at things;" and when his friend was convalescent, and he went away, neither of them had suspected his secret.

By-and-by, when Vladimir is recovering from another attack of pneumonia in St. Petersburg, the police appear suddenly at night and arrest him. He is taken from his bed out through the bleak winter city to prison, and Olive never sees him again. Her frantic search for him, her vain appeals to the officials, who amuse themselves by misleading her, and that grim scene in the desolate cemetery, when the kindly warder, groping in the abhorrent darkness, shows her and Slavinski where her lover is buried—these things, too, are depicted with a haunting poignancy and power.

There are incidental and illuminating glimpses of the bestiality and squalor of Russian peasant life, of the degeneracy of the better classes, of the horrors of the Russian prison system. There is much of sadness in the book, much of broken aspirations, and the disillusion that is the inevitable lot of men who are fired with a sympathetic enthusiasm for the rights and liberties of the people. Altogether, it is an intensely human story—a story of things as they are, told simply, vigorously, and with a fine restraint, passing through shadows of suffering and death, and ending, for Olive, with the wakening of the woman in her at last, and the true coming of love.

* "Olive Latham." By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)



Victor Hugo's Catafalque beneath the Arc de Triomphe, Paris.

Victor Hugo died May 22nd, 1885.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 31st of May, the remains of the poet were placed beneath the Arc de Triomphe, Place de l'Étoile, Paris, where waggon-loads of flowers and memorial wreaths had already arrived. His body lay there in state until the following day. The Cenotaph was visible from the Tuileries. The coffin was covered with a silver-spangled pall, which rose from a base covered with black and purple cloth. At night a flood of electric light poured upon the Place de l'Etoile, revealing the coffin, with Dalou's powerfully-modelled bust at the foot, and bringing out the flowers and the names of Victor Hugo's works on shields. The funeral ceremony took place on the 1st of June, addresses being delivered from a tribune erected on the left of the catafalque. The speech of the day was delivered by M. Hoquet, President of the Chamber of Deputies.

Rischgitz Collection.

AMERICAN HISTORY IN FICTION.*

Not many weeks ago a controversy was raging in one of our daily contemporaries regarding the alleged hostility of English reviewers to works of American origin. The discussion was necessarily futile, for it was based not on fact but on misapprehension. Whatever the faults of English readers of fiction, they cannot be accused of a want of catholicity of taste or the possession of a misdirected literary patriotism. In this year's fiction alone there are to be found translations of works emanating from half the countries of Europe. Of all people, American novelists have least cause of complaint. In any list of "the best selling books" of to-day, we find them well represented. "Richard Carvel," "Mr. Dooley," "Mrs. Wiggs," are better known in England than the writings of all but a very few contemporary English novelists. It is only of recent years that America has begun to harness her history to the chariot of fiction, and there is no insult to her independence in saying that in this matter she has borrowed English methods. The recent enthusiasm for historical fiction in America has not as yet yielded any work of genius, any work for which an enduring reputation could reasonably be predicted. But the average standard of excellence attained has been strikingly high, and our historical novelists can no longer conceal from themselves that they are confronted by a very formidable rivalry. Among those who have been pre-eminently successful in catching the attention of English readers, Mr. Winston Churchill holds a high place.

Avoiding the history of the War of Revolution—the theme of his fine novel, "Richard Carvel"—Mr. Churchill in "The Crossing" deals with the fortunes of Louisiana from the outbreak of the war to the purchase of the state from Napoleon by Jefferson in 1803. The story is told in the form of the autobiography of a youthful prodigy called David Ritchie. An orphan at eleven, David in his early 'teens develops into a full-fledged hero of romance, scalping Indians, rescuing women in distress, drumming the backwoodsmen on to victory as they set out on the wilderness trail to defend the isolated fortresses of Kentucky. And his courage is exceeded by his sagacity. His colonel consults him on points of tactics, and the oracle is never wrong. It is late in the story before David comes into the possession of the miniature of Helène de St. Gré, and he is an old man of more than twenty before he wins the lady herself. Mr. Weyman and others have made us familiar with the bluff soldier who, as Mrs. Temple says of David Ritchie, "is not what one might call a ladies' man." In this respect Mr. Weyman, like Scott, may complain that he has shared the fate of Captain Bobadil, who "trained up a hundred merry gentlemen to fight almost, if not altogether, as well as himself." But in David's case this is a thing hard to be credited, and Mr. Churchill's compound of precocity, wisdom, courage, and diffidence takes the shape not of a real man but of a prodigy in plaster.

There are materials in this book for two or three good novels, but they prove too abundant to make one good one. Mr. Churchill has essayed his task too seriously. He has mapped out a century of history for treatment in four novels, and he began by writing the first and fourth. It would appear that in his anxiety to mop up all the materials remaining he has overcrowded this book to the point of being formless. History hustled in this manner could hardly be expected to provide a clean cut work of art. Mr. Churchill would seem to have some misgivings himself. His "After-word" assures us that his book is really good history. But a good historical novel depends on quite other qualities than the accuracy of its facts. Mr. Churchill does not entirely grasp the difference between the functions of the novelist and the war correspondent, for he tells us that he has "tried to give a true history of Clark's campaign as seen by an eye-witness, trammelled as little as possible by romance." He has acted up to his theory so consistently that "The Crossing" is something of a disappointment. This is the more to be regretted on account of the excellence of its descriptive chapters, and the careful and powerful delineation of many of its characters. But the stage is hopelessly overcrowded, and long as the book is, there is no reason why there should not have been several more acts in the drama. For the plot is loosely put together, and the story not infrequently ambles along in the leisurely manner only granted to picaresque romance.

J. H. LOBBAN.

* "The Crossing." By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)

VENICE AND EDINBURGH.*

The Queen of the Adriatic and Modern Athens have a prescriptive right to figure among the lists of modern "colour books." Both have now been splendidly dealt with in a manner befitting their high degree. To Venice has fallen quite properly the better artistic treatment. Mr. Menpes' pictures are a feast of colour, and though they are by no means all of equal worth, they attain at their best the high-water-mark of colour printing. In books of this sort the pictures are naturally the main thing, and it savours of the hypercritical to cast too careful an eye on the text. Miss Menpes has attempted too much. She has tried to

* "Venice." By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. 20s. net. (Black.)

"Edinburgh." By Oliphant Smeaton. Illustrated by J. A. Symington and Herbert Railton. 21s. net. (Dent.)

blend a succinct history of Venice with a descriptive picture of its modern appearance. The result is scrappy on both sides. Some of her chapters are, however, so good as to make it quite clear that the shortcomings of the text are due to the limitations enforced by an unfortunate plan, and not to any want of descriptive power.

Mr. Smeaton has had many predecessors in writing the history of Edinburgh, but his volume, in matter of illustration, is without rival. In the picturesque old closes and wynds of Edinburgh, Mr. Railton has found congenial material for the exercise of his delightful art, and his drawings are superlatively good. It is possible to speak with no less enthusiasm regarding the numerous coloured reproductions of notable Scottish portraits. Of the other coloured pictures we cannot say so much. The three-colour process is too flattering to Edinburgh. Never in the memory "of the oldest inhabitant" were there seen these gorgeous patches of colour in George Street and Princes Street. Both streets in an autumn evening, let us say, present a magnificent aspect, but the effects are much too elusive for the three-colour process. Mr. Symington makes Edinburgh Italianate with red and green.

Mr. Smeaton's text is a careful digest of the history of the town. Unlike Miss Menpes, he has not been hampered by a defective plan, and the pictures have been made for his text, not the text for the pictures. But his story is not very readable. He is at one time the historian, at another merely a guide. It is characteristic of his method that five consecutive paragraphs begin with the words, "We proceed now to." This is merely the literary equivalent of the old formula, "Walk up, ladies and gemmen."

Monument to Victor Hugo, by Barrias.

This monument, erected in the Place Victor Hugo, Paris, was inaugurated at the centenary of the Poet's birth, February 26th, 1902. Sculptured by M. Barrias it is more conventional in style than that by Rodin, which was exhibited at the Salon. The poet, still young, is seated pensive on the rock of exile, while at the base are allegorical figures, representing epic, satiric, tragic and lyric poetry. Bas-reliefs illustrate some of Victor Hugo's works. The figures of the poet and of the muse are in gilded bronze, the pedestal being of grey granite. At the inaugural ceremony, speeches were made by M. de Selves, Prefect of the Seine, M. Dausset, President of the Municipal Council, and by M. Paul Meurice.

Rischgitz Collection.

Novel Notes.

THE CHALLONERS. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Not counting the head of the family, Lord Flintshire, who plays but a minor part in the story, the Challoners are three in number: the Reverend Sidney, who is a widower, his son Martin, and his daughter Helen. Sidney is a profoundly religious man, of rigid and somewhat bigoted piety. Martin is a musical genius wholly out of sympathy with his father's Puritanical ordinances, as his father is opposed to all his aspirations, and considers his passionate devotion to music nothing but a sinful waste of time. Helen, who teaches in the Sunday school and helps in the parish work, is a girl of some individuality, and has also strayed far beyond the limit of her father's narrowly conventional ideas, and stirs him to bitterest anger by insisting on living by her own light, even to the extent of engaging herself to the man she loves, though he confessedly has no belief in God. Although these three love each other and shrink from hurting each other, "the result was tragedy, tragedy in no grand and great style, but a pitiful little tragedy of misunderstanding and estrangement." Their differing characters are analysed with subtlety and insight. Lady Sunningdale is a delightfully humorous creation—she and her ridiculous pet dogs move through the book to a never-failing accompaniment of good-natured laughter. It is an intensely human story, written at times with epigrammatic cleverness, and at times with a larger humour, and with occasional touches of pathos that always ring true. Altogether a novel of marked originality and interest.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SNOWS. By Jack London. 6s. (Isbister.)

Like Bret Harte and Mr. Kipling, with both of whom he has much in common, Mr. Jack London has a far greater mastery of the short story than of the novel. "A Daughter of the Snows" is made up of powerful episodes, brilliant descriptive passages, and some few characters drawn with wonderful insight and ability, but the effect of the whole is somewhat patchy and disjointed—as of life seen in a series of lightning flashes, rather than in the continuous light of a full day. At the outset, Frona Welse, a charming and startlingly unconventional heroine, is on her way up country, fresh from school and the comforts of normal society, to join her father, who is a great store-keeper, and exercises an almost autocratic sway over the motley peoples of Dawson city. There is a strong love interest, the old, ever-new interest attaching to the love of two men for a maid, the maid being Frona; but no less interesting are the picturesque studies of character, and the grim and graphically pictured incidents of life as it is lived at the wintry end of civilisation. The art of the book is not on the high level of Mr. London's short stories, nevertheless "A Daughter of the Snows" is an arresting and in many ways remarkable achievement.

A WEAVER OF WEBS. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Methuen,)

We have come to rely implicitly on Mr. Oxenham for a good story, and in "A Weaver of Webs" he justifies our faith in him, as usual. It is a story in which ambassadors and glamorous diplomats of divers nationalities strive to outwit each other by all the arts and crafts known to their kind, yet it is by no means wholly given over to the mysteries of high politics. The main interest centres in the wooing and winning of the beautiful Princess Marie Obdanovitch by a young English attaché, Basil Reigne, in spite of the dangerous opposition and intriguing of the lady's unscrupulous relatives. It is a very cleverly contrived romance, full of exciting adventure, and written with great dash and gusto.

THE LETTERS WHICH NEVER REACHED HIM. 6s. (Nash.)

The epilogue leaves the reader uncertain whether this is another adroit epistolary novel, or based on pitiful fact. In either case it reflects the poignant tragedy of a life which hears the East a-calling with both memories and anxieties, and which has no support of religion, Eastern or Western, to bear its strain. It is almost painful to read the closing letters, with their intensity of yearning for the safety of a man, "the Strickland of China," in the Legations at Pekin during the siege of 1900. The writer is a German lady, with a husband in a lunatic asylum, and her letters purport to be addressed mainly from America to this man, who might, under kinder conditions, have been more than a friend to her. But her husband's death is only followed by the news of her friend's death at the close of the siege, and the shock kills her. Through a mischance the letters had never come into his hands; they are supposed to be published now by her sister. The anonymous author's knowledge of Chinese affairs is both first-hand and sympathetic. Vignettes of American and German life, too, relieve the grey monotony of pathos. But the heart of the book is its revelation of a cultured woman's life under the strain of unhappiness and anxiety, a revelation bordering on the morbid.

A NOVEMBER CRY. By Frances G. Burmester. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

The opening of this novel is a trifle sententious, and touches of moralising intrude conscientiously upon the narrative at several points. The two first pages might have been incorporated afterwards, while the bulk of the last chapter should have been omitted altogether. The happy ending seems a needless concession to popular prejudice, and almost anything after the strong scene in Lewis Mayhew's cottage would appear an anti-climax. Another weak point in the construction of the book is admitted by the authoress herself. It is not one story, but two, and the two really run parallel rather than across one another. For all that, the sordid village tragedy of the Mayhews is drawn as firmly and convincingly as the life of the two cultured women, whose management of an Essex farm is ruffled by the appearance of a lover. Dick Brittain's plight is not wholly new in fiction, and the knot of the problem is cut rather summarily. But few will fail to enjoy the crisp delineation of character and the genuine sense of humour which at once catch a reader in the opening account of the tiff between Rebecca and Clotilda. In conception, if not in construction, it is a fresh and serious and strong piece of writing.

HIGH NOON. By Alice Brown. 6s. (Nash.)

The twelve short stories or studies of temperament which make up this arresting and ably written volume have a delicate Transatlantic setting, but their common theme is usually what George Meredith calls "the ancient game of two." Miss Brown studies the game from the woman's side amid the complexities of modern life, dealing with the little ironies of love, the subtlety of womanhood, the misunderstandings which are righted often so tardily, and the implicit promise of immortality in those intenser phases of human love and friendship which are "the high noon" of human life. There is a note of real distinction in most of these deft etchings. They are evidently done by a writer who has learnt to be thoughtful without becoming affected or elusive or pretentious, and her stories (apart from the last) are not thinly disguised allegories or sentimental rhapsodies, but filled with vision and movement and shrewd dialogue over which one is glad to linger.

PROVENZANO THE PROUD. By Evelyn Gifford. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

With Provenzano Salvani, Governor of Siena, as the central figure of her novel, Miss Gifford depicts a period of romantic history which has been little dealt with in fiction. Students of Dante will have no difficulty in recalling to mind the series of events occurring towards the latter half of the thirteenth century during the struggle in Northern Italy between the two great political factions, the Guelfs and Ghibellines. From material which never flags in interest the author has fashioned a scenic picture of Siena in times of trouble. The story, which commences eight years after the battle of Montaperti with the arrival at Siena of the ill-starred Corradino, Prince of Suabia and last of the House of Hohenstaufen, tells of his defeat by Charles of Anjou at Tagliacozzo and his death; of the imprisonment of Vigna, friend of Provenzano, for whose ransom the proud Governor himself stood in the Campo of Siena to beg, "nor for his sake refused through every vein to tremble"; of the subsequent rout in 1269 of the Sienese by the Florentines, and of the downfall and murder of Provenzano himself. There are a host of minor characters in the book, of which the best-drawn are the happy-go-lucky Jongleur Folco, Griffolino, the Aretine astrologer, and the boy Nino. "Provenzano the Proud" is in its way exceptionally interesting reading.

THE AMBLERS. By B. L. Farjeon. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

In its present and enlarged form this brightly written story is a posthumous work, which Miss Farjeon has completed from her father's manuscript. The Amblers are a family who have been identified with the stage for generations, and their fortunes are depicted here with the same mixture of pathos and humour, the same sort of loving and merry interest that Dickens might have put into a description of the Crummleses. Otherwise the plot is rather obvious. David Ambler, the hero of the tale, marries a young and charming actress, who makes her début with him in a provincial theatre. The wicked peer comes along, and the course of love is broken for a long space. But, by a device not unfamiliar to readers of "East Lynne," the story is happily rounded off, while Mr. Farjeon closes with a dénouement which is "dramatic" in the double sense of the term.

THE GREATNESS OF JOSIAH PORLICK. 6s. (John Murray.)

"Show me a man who's made a million, and I'll show you one with a clear head and a strong will," said Josiah Porlick, who rejoiced in any work that saved a shilling, and took an exquisite pleasure in paring down expenses without injuring his trade. On a basis of finance and figures he founded his greatness, and at the same time sowed seeds of discord and misery among the members of his household. At the end of his days he is left with only one daughter to nurse him through the terrible disease which to the last he refuses to admit his master. It is a grim and somewhat sordid picture, this study of the unbending character of one who only recognises his secret weaknesses to condone them. The bright feature of the book lies in the sweet and clinging nature of the daughter, Lizzie, who, although permanently injured in health through her father's systematic economies and narrow-minded views, keeps her ideal of him unshattered, in spite of the injustice done to those she loves. There is reality in "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick" which goes far to make it a strong story.

The Bookman's Table.

HARRY FURNISS AT HOME. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

In "Harry Furniss at Home" Mr. Furniss continues those genial, gossipy "Confessions" with which he delighted his many admirers some two years ago. He has a lively, irresponsible wit, is affluent of reminiscences and anecdotes concerning all manner of interesting people, and rattles on about them with a vivacity and a brisk humour that never fails to be exhilarating and entertaining. He gives us stories of Gladstone, Tennyson, Beaconsfield, Max O'Rell, Irving, Grossmith, and a host of other celebrities; he joyously records his strenuous attempts to find matter for his weekly causerie, "London Laughter," in those dreary days when the Coronation was being postponed and London was doing everything but laugh; there is further talk of the famous "Thirteen Club"; miscellaneous notes concerning autograph hunters; sly revelations in connection with Mr. Furniss's secession from *Punch*—altogether an excellently mingled *olla podrida*, pungent and bubbling with the highest of spirits wherever you dip into it, and admirably illustrated with somewhere near a hundred of the author's characteristic sketches and cartoons.

THE GREAT FRENCHMAN AND THE LITTLE GENEVESE. From the French of Etienne Dumont. By Lady Seymour. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

In the "London and Westminster Review," in 1837, Carlyle, in his article on Mirabeau's Memoirs, contrasted Mirabeau and Dumont in the words which Lady Seymour has chosen for the happy title of her translation of Dumont's "Souvenir sur Mirabeau." It is strange that a work which was the subject of Macaulay's essay, and which, says Carlyle, "was hailed by a universal choral blast from all manner of reviews and periodical literatures that Europe, in all its spellable dialects, had," should have waited translation so long. Of Dumont's style Macaulay said that in neatness, clearness, precision, condensation, he surpassed all other French writers. Of the translation it may be said that it was well worth doing, and that it has been done extremely well. It was part of Mirabeau's genius that he never failed to surround himself with able and zealous lieutenants. To belittle him on this score is as idle as to decry the fame of the head of any government department on the ground that he has an excellent staff. In Carlyle's view, Dumont merely did hodwork for his chief, but pretended in the "Souvenir" that Mirabeau was but an enormous trumpet which he, the little Genevese, blew. This was merely a rejoinder to Macaulay, who, five years earlier, had pronounced Dumont to be a model of style and a marvel of self-effacement. The work itself, apart from ample extraneous evidence, proves Macaulay's to be the juster verdict. Of the political drama in France, immediately before the revolution, Dumont writes with great acumen and with wonderful restraint. In a word, the "Souvenir" is a historical document of first-rate importance, and has been recognised as such by all writers since. Of the charm of Dumont's personality, and of the impressiveness of his ability, we have the evidence of his friend Sir Samuel Romilly, Miss Edgeworth, and many others of distinction in the social and literary coteries of the beginning of last century. For Dumont spent many years in London. From 1791 to 1814 he resided there continuously, in close intercourse with Bentham, whose philosophy he gave to the world in eight volumes, concerning which the *Edinburgh Review* declared, "it is only rendering him a just tribute if we dispute the title of 'Rédacteur,' which his modesty inclines him to assume. He much more closely resembles an adept delivering to the world the doctrines of the School of Philosophy to which he belongs."

LOUIS XIV. IN COURT AND CAMP. By Lt.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

In this entertaining volume Colonel Haggard resumes his popular history of the French Monarchy at the point where his "Sidelights on the Court of France" stopped. The long and momentous reign of Louis XIV. has naturally enough been assigned a volume to itself. In respect of political importance, literary interest, and the piquancy of its *chronique scandaleuse*, the longest reign in history stands altogether by itself. To write of it uninterestingly is beyond the capacity of dulness: to present it adequately and in due proportion in less than four hundred pages would tax the skill of a much greater literary artist than Colonel Haggard professes to be. The materials at the disposal of the historian are enormous, and it is apparent that Colonel Haggard has made a very diligent study of the numerous contemporary records. The result is a readable book, which gives a most vivid and, on the whole, a very faithful picture of an intensely interesting time. Colonel Haggard expressly repudiates the intention of writing a *chronique scandaleuse*. His aim is to write history "without the faintest pretence of style." We protest against the author's modesty. If he is often formless, he is always vivacious. The tactics of the great Condé he denounces on the ground that he would not allow his troops to practise "the military art of circumlocution." This delightful malapropism for a turning movement suggests that Condé's troops very properly wished to call their spades spades. Colonel Haggard himself invariably does so. Few good things in the contemporary chroniclers seem to have escaped him, but the truthfulness of his picture is entirely due to the circumstance that it is impossible to paint it blacker than in most respects it really was. Of capacity for weighing historical evidence Colonel Haggard gives no proof. He cites no authorities, so that the work is of no value but to the most general of readers. The portrait of Madame Maintenon is distorted by prejudice, and has been derived wholly from the facetious legends of contemporary scandal-mongers. Has Colonel Haggard forgotten how Maria's reputation fared in the hands of Mrs. Candour and Sir Benjamin Backbite? The strong personality of Louis, and his influence throughout Europe, have received less attention than his gallantry, but the most serious shortcoming of the work is its grossly inadequate treatment of the brilliant literature of the reign. The names of Boileau and Corneille are not so much as mentioned.

BELGIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By Demetrius C. Boulger. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)

To anyone wishing to know the real "innerness" of life in Belgium, our advice is to explore (as we have done) the country in-districts, travelling by road and river slowly, living as the peasants live in communes remote from rail and town, watching the life, and even helping in the fields. He would find that the towns on the larger rivers, the villages on smaller ones, and villages again dotted about on the broad rolling uplands vary in their characteristics. He would find the people's mode of life, their religious fervour, their homeliness, their simple-mindedness a constant source of interest and admiration. With such pleasant experiences as these we take up "Belgian Life in Town and Country," by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger (3s. 6d.), and find it both a tourist's guide and something more. Omitting that dry arrangement of data of hotels, cabs, and prices which the guide-book has perforce to adopt, Mr. Boulger talks of things of constitutional, topographical, personal, and general interest, in such a flowing and easy fashion as to entice the reader to further perusal. For the typical life of a Belgian we are taken into the house of a Brussels citizen, where we enjoy the account of its daily round of work, leisure, meals, etc. We are taken through the chief towns to the country, and revel in "Leafy Arden" in such a light, clear and attractive way that even when obliged to open a chapter with information on such dry subjects as law and justice, the author sums up his knowledge so lucidly and succinctly that we feel we know as much of fundamentals as we want to know for general purposes. His chapter on the fêtes and pleasures of the people is borne out by our own experience in a holiday purposely planned to see a Corpus Christi day spent in a country village near St. Hubert. The illustrations, from photos, are all good; that of the Château of Walzin especially so. As to the index, if a book is to have one at all, it should be full to be useful. Many technical words, the meaning of which is easily seen by the context, could with advantage have a place in the index. We hope the author will see his way in a second edition to remedy this, and add one more to the many excellencies of a book we have the pleasure to recommend.

STUDIES IN THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL. By Rev. L. A. Pooler, B.D. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

It is said that Renan, on hearing some sentiment carelessly spoken by a gamin in Paris, exclaimed, "That boy in his ignorance has uttered what it has cost me a lifetime of thought to arrive at." Renan may stand for the world of high intellectual criticism, constructive and destructive, and the gamin for the ignorant. But between these two there lies a large world of varying strata of thought. This world, often in sadness, hears its own beliefs torn to shreds, but how to sift the real from the false, the probable from the improbable, it knows not. To help such people as these Mr. Pooler, in his "Studies in the Religion of Israel," attempts the task of putting the result of later researches in such a light as to win their attention and show them that such criticism need not hurt their faith at all. Evidences gathered from the tablets, tombs, inscriptions, by Sayce, Ramsay and others, must by every honest-minded man be taken into account. We are entirely at one with the author when he says "that those who teach others should know what the spade of the excavator has effected." That he has succeeded in giving in language cast in modern phraseology, a sketch of the development of the Jewish people, and that in a way easily to be understood, all readers will allow. But, disclaimer notwithstanding, debateable ground cannot be avoided where a man is giving his own interpretation of history, be it never so well fortified by copious reading of high and accredited professors.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

Believers in re-incarnation, looking at the portrait in the beginning of **The Seagulls and Other Poems,** by Enid Welsford (4s. net), and reading the verses which follow, may well think that here is Elizabeth Barrett come again to charm a poetry-loving generation. There is a double likeness. Elizabeth Barrett, if our memory may be relied on, composed an epic before she was eleven, yet lived to write poems of worth and beauty. Enid Welsford is but twelve years old now, and has composed poems since she was six; and not only has she done this, but the present volume shows that they were too good for the waste-paper basket. Melody and deep feeling mark the work more than does fresh thought; but there is sorrow which is almost passionate; there is a freedom of form which, though it may be faulty at times, is never unpoetical; and there are depths and haunting lines truly remarkable from so young a brain and soul.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY.

If anyone doubts the value and force of personality let him take up **Early Days at Uppingham under Edward Thring** (3s. 6d. net), and learn of the progress and work of this school under the influence of one strong, fine-minded and far-sighted man. The account is given by "An Old Boy," who in an easy, intimate style tells of his day-by-day life there, the customs, the standard of the school, and the splendid impetus given, by which a school of ancient foundation, though no history, was made to stand out and take its place proudly among other public schools. This is a book for an immense public, its interest being alike for men and schoolmen, boys and schoolboys.

MESSRS. S. C. BROWN, LANGHAM AND COMPANY.

A volume of sermons is not, perhaps, a generally popular book with lay readers, yet we think that **The Pulpit and the Press,** by Thomas Hancock (6s.), will prove as vitalising and interesting as many a "popular issue," or problem-solving work of fiction. In this collection of thirty utterances there is a literary quality, a freshness of suggestion, an outspokenness, a soundness of intelligence which pleases and impresses. All may not always agree with Mr. Hancock, but all will be the better for considering his writings, both as the well-arranged opinions of a thoughtful, well-read man, and as practical words on modern conditions.

That it is not entire bliss to remain young for ever is the moral taught in Mr. Edward Scott's novel, **The Marvellous Experiences of John Rydal** (6s.). John Rydal came into possession of some elixir which not only arrested the hand of Time, but set it to work the other way; and the exciting results which followed his first dose are quite sensational enough for anyone. Mr. Scott's work is an account of palpitating happenings written in a frankly unambitious style. One of the mistakes made in this kind of book is the over-insistence of the marvellousness of it all. It would be better to let this dawn on the reader unannounced. This is a small point, however, and of course it all *is* very unusual.

MR. JOHN LANE.

It is good to come across such distinguished work as that of Valentina Hawtrey in her new book, **Perronelle** (6s.). It is a tale of a certain formal, custom-ridden bourgeois life in Paris in 1400, and of the young bride Perronelle, who broke from her allegiance to her ugly, cross-grained bridegroom for the alluring charms of the Duke of Orleans at the fair of the Landit. Poor Perronelle! She fought against the penance imposed upon her by the Church; she ran away, and worked as a servant for four years for herself and her child. But the relentlessness of Fate is strong, and this author has followed its workings with a skill, delicate yet passionate, vivid and convincing, till we see Perronelle sitting desolate on the old church steps with her dead child in her arms, ready to perform the penance commanded four years before. The story is as much alive as if 1900 were its period.

MESSRS. GREENING AND COMPANY.

The banishment of all Jews from England is the main theme of Miss Guttenberg's new book, **A Modern Exodus** (6s.). The hero is a Jewish aristocrat, a member of Parliament, and the Premier of England of the period is rabid in his hatred of the Jewish people. The whole sequence of events is an imaginary Jewish catastrophe, supposed to take place in the future. The writer's sympathies are, naturally, with the Jews, but mainly with the self-respecting Jews who are desirous of merging their race in that of the Britons; the others are "a clog on the wheel of national progress." Enmity between Christian and Jew is the strong point of the book, and marriage between a Jew and a Christian provides the chief love interest. Some of the most convincing portions of the book are those dealing with the life of the Jews after the exodus. Here knowledge and good sense combine to offer a strong, sensible picture. Those who are interested in these racial and political questions will enjoy this imagined situation, which the author insists is a very possible one.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

In **The Passing of Arthur** (3s. 6d.), Mr. Cosmo Hamilton flicks very gently, and again a little less gently, but he never bludgeons; consequently his "skit" on the political situation is really entertaining without hurting anyone. In his gay, observant manner he touches the weak joints of the Cabinet, and it collapses before our eyes. He creates another, weak joints and all, and again shows us the collapse. But collapse in this form is quite a refreshment in these sultry months of waiting; and to see Arthur passing, Winston Churchill playing the part of a boomerang, John Burns being sturdy, the two Dromios—Chamberlains, we mean—being respectively nonchalant and filial, Gibson-Bowles being picturesque, and so forth, and Society being amused, is well worth the three and sixpence asked for this modern legend.

An amusing farrago of nonsense is Mr. W. H. Helm's book, **The Blue Fox** (3s. 6d.), in which the marriage and subsequent exaggerated adventures of Edward, Earl of Barcourt and Zaidie, only child of Jeremiah Cheam, the famous clam-chowder billionaire of New York, are described in a manner which pleasantly recalls the "Condensed Novels" of Bret Harte. In a ridiculously serious style we are given an account of the "simple" New York wedding, and the abduction of the bride by the renowned criminal, who, probably for purposes of disguise, wore an overcoat with collar and cuffs of blue fox fur. After this there are adventures beyond the dreams of the penny novelette reader, till bride and bridegroom are restored to one another's arms, and the sun "sinks hissing into the exquisite Western sea."

MR. JOHN LONG.

In reading **A Taste of Quality,** by E. S. Rorison (6s.), we form that opinion, hard, yet encouraging to a young author, that it will be to a future novel we shall give our heartiest praise. There is more of promise than performance here—promise because the men and women, girls and boys, *are* men and women, girls and boys, and not wooden figures, or even unnatural beings. Miss Rorison puts spirit and life into a large family's circumstances—that theme beloved of the younger novel-readers; and shows by flashes that she has insight into hearts, though she does not invariably take care to exercise the gift. But the weakness of her performance lies in her construction. She has not yet learned to discard the ineffective, nor has she learned to weld the salient portions well. Many a piece of writing, a character, an incident, a conversation, leads to nothing. So we thank the author for her study of Helen, Larry, Dick, and the young sisters of Din—some of the persons who are really necessary to the story, and we hope for her next book.

Homely village love and adventure are well blended in **A Fool with Women** (6s.), by Fred Whishaw. Keith Adams, a young sailor, would pass and re-pass the door of the girl he loved, having no pluck to knock at it; but in real danger and in desperate straits on a Pacific island, Keith was sharp and cool enough. It takes nothing from the liveliness of the book that in the end the girl of his heart was forced to call to him from her window, to check his hampering perambulations, and settle the matter herself.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

A very timely volume is **Blundell's Worthies,** by M. L. Banks, M.A. (7s. 6d. net), in this year of the ter-centenary of the fine old Western school. About thirty famous men step out from the three centuries, not to imply in any sense that they are its only celebrated scholars, but to help to illuminate the history of Blundell's, and by lighting up its past give help and hope to its great future. Names such as Samuel Wesley, Bamfylde Moore Carew, John Eveleigh, John Russell, the Chesneys, R. D. Blackmore, and Frederick Temple go to show how varied was the fame of Blundellians, that the wanderer was no more curbed than the scholar, that the soldier was as well disciplined as the parson. This is a volume to give some happy hours to the grown-up boy and inspiration to the young one.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND COMPANY.

If the uninitiated wish not only to learn of an intensely interesting piece of Eastern country, but to know how it has been travelled through by a fellow-uninitiated, and how it may be done again, they should read Miss Margaret Cotter Morison's account of **A Lonely Summer in Kashmir** (7s. 6d. net). It is almost always entertaining to read of the first-hand experiences of a traveller in a land for the first time; and Miss Morison, having an eye for the small amusing things as well as for the more important events of travel, and more than a notion about practical details, combined with a truly human nature, is a lively and educating guide. Many illustrations decorate her pages.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

The Herbs of Medea (2s. 6d. net), which give the title to Theophila North's little book, were True Idealism, Insight, Serenity, Wisdom, Mental Discipline, Union with the Divine, and Love; and the lesson of the herbs is taught in the quiet, gentle romance, told subtly, discursively, almost pathetically, chiefly by means of letters. "His Will is our Peace," the words of Dante, begin and end the appealing volume; and a charming little reproduction of Fra Angelico's "Paradiso," in gold and colour, is given as frontispiece.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has been taking holiday away from his sterner self, and the result is **A Bachelor in Arcady** (6s.), the very book for all other holiday-keepers. Arcady is not very near the grim moors or "sorrow's gates," which Mr. Sutcliffe has written of so impressively before. Arcady lies in about twenty acres of flowering land near to the acres of good, congenial friends, and to the home of one girl, Cathy. Humour, good sense, nature-talk, and just a little sentiment are excellent ingredients for a summer book or a book to make winter seem summer-like, and Mr. Sutcliffe manipulates these well.

In **Motherhood** (6s.), Mr. L. Parry Truscott draws with genuine skill the character of a girl outwardly gentle, clinging, yielding, but possessing underneath a strength for good which is felt and realised only after long and severe testing, the strength of her motherhood being her intensest trait. As a set-off against this nature, the author gives the character of her husband in clever contrast, a man good in impulse, with his hours of shrinking from shame, which at times are most impressive, and at times touch almost cowardice. There is good work in this novel, and a difficult subject well handled.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND COMPANY.

We do not doubt that there will be found many readers for Miss

Charlotte May Kingsley's novel, **Arrol's Engagement** (3s. 6d.), for it contains plot, incident, and quite a large circle of the aristocracy. This sort of story must not count as literature; it is unreal, but it is not unreal in a literary manner; and its author takes too much for granted in allowing weight to the idea that for a man and a woman to talk, or walk, or sit together is a compromising matter. Lady Merivale seems to have that idea on the brain, but it is unnatural that so many other persons should be cowed by her abnormal opinions. Even the "upper ten" can be quite harmless in a *tête-à-tête*.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.

Another volume in Messrs. Newnes' Art Library has just been issued. This is a Library which possesses a very strong claim of its own, for it shows and teaches of the art of some one painter by means of reproductions of his best and best-known work. There is no letterpress to take off the attention; the volume is an instruction by, and a gratification of, the eye; an introductory note being all that is said here either about the man or his paintings. **Constable's Sketches** (3s. 6d. net) fill this new volume; and Sir James D. Linton, R.I., contributes the few pages of biographical and art information. Oil and water colours are finely reproduced, full-page size, two being reproduced in colour from pictures by permission of James Orrock. Beautiful and beautifully varied are these examples of Constable's art, and as studies in composition and air effect they are revelations.

Reprints and New Editions.

MESSRS. THOMAS NELSON AND SONS.

"The old order changeth," quote Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons in the catalogue of many charms which they have issued to illustrate this fact, and without pressing the quotation to its full stop we gladly admit that they have proved the statement very pleasantly by the volumes of the **New Century Library** (2s., 2s. 6d., 3s.), in cloth or leather, which can be slipped into the pocket, yet have a type as large and clear as the old bulky double-volume editions. Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, Scott, Cervantes, Carlyle, and many other literary giants are presented in this really beautiful manner, singly or in sets; and details of all the issues are alluringly set forth in the pretty catalogue illustrated in colours, which every book-lover should send for.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

We welcome a new and cheaper edition of a book which is as archæologically and geographically valuable as M. Aurel Stein's **Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan** (7s. 6d. net). It is the record of exploring and excavating travels, by means of which were brought to light sculptures and tablets of many-sided interest and significance. The numerous illustrations reveal the country as well as the work done.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND COMPANY.

The shilling guide-books which Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company provide for the travellers of limited means are among the wonders of the publishing world. We have before us handy scarlet volumes pointing the way to the **Isle of Wight,** to **Glasgow and the Clyde,** to the **Donegal Islands,** and to **Oban and the Western Highlands.** These capital guides are illustrated, well-arranged, and are provided with maps, practical information for cyclists, golfers, anglers, and travellers generally.

MESSRS. GOWANS AND GRAY.

Now have the children a **New Testament** of their own, handy, yet not too small, and decorated with over fifty drawings by Charles Robinson (2s. net). Mr. Robinson's work is always carefully executed, and conceived with admirable simplicity. Here, if we have a fault to find, it is that he has drawn his figures on too large a scale for his space. The illustration of the ark on the mount and the dove swooping will be a favourite, we prophesy; it has more space and scene than most of the others. The volume should become "The Child's own Testament."

MESSRS. ANTHONY TREHERNE AND CO.

To the large phrases and deep thoughts of Walt Whitman, Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Company offer an intelligent introduction, for those who as yet do not know this poet, in their **Leaves of Grass** (Selected), with a prefatory note by Mr. Harry Roberts (1s. 6d. net, 2s. 6d. net). As Mr. Roberts says, he cannot be accused of trying to convert the lion into a drawing-room pet; but in this volume he has eliminated much of Whitman's less admirable work, and has presented him in the best of his several moods, great, vigorous, and spiritual.

New Books of the Month.

JUNE 15TH TO JULY 15TH, 1904.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADDERLEY, JAMES.—The Epistle of St. James. With Notes for General Readers. 1s. net ..... (Brown, Langham)

BOURDILLON, REV. FRANCIS, M.A.—Short Sermons: For Household, Social, and Private Reading. New Series. 3s. 6d. ..... (Brown, Langham and Co.)

BROWN, CHARLES.—Lessons from the Cross, 1s. 6d. each (Memorial Hall, E.C.)

One of the new series of "Little Books on the Devout Life," in which Mr. Brown seeks to show the real meaning and value of the Crucifixion. He places the teaching of the Cross before us in its various aspects, and in a few plain words throws light on the great mystery of the Atonement—light which should lead readers on to a more profound study of the great subject. The little volume is what it claims to be, *devout*. It is also sensible and inspiring, recognising difficulties, and encouraging the spiritual nature.

GAMBLE, REV. J., M.A.—St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. Temple Bible Handbook. 9d. ..... (Dent)

HANCOCK, THOMAS.—The Pulpit and the Press, and Other Sermons, 6s. ..... (Brown, Langham)

HASTIE, WILLIAM, D.D.—The Theology of the Reformed Church in its Fundamental Principles. Edited by William Fulton, B.D., B.Sc. 4s. 6d. net ..... (T. and T. Clark)

HENSON, H. HENSLEY, B.D.—The Value of the Bible, and Other Sermons, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

Holiness by Faith: A Manual of Keswick Teaching, 1s. (Religious Tract Society)

The Bishop of Durham, Dr. J. E. Cumming, and the Revs. Hubert Brooke and F. B. Meyer each contribute a chapter to this little book on holiness. Holiness in general daily life, and in ministerial and evangelical work, is intimately treated of; the greatness of it and the difficulties are shown and faced; and a broad-minded view of a right life is set before us, showing the necessity for holiness, and encouraging where, outwardly, there would seem to be only failure.

INGE, W. B., M.A.—Faith and Knowledge. Sermons. 4s. 6d. net ..... (T. and T. Clark)

ISAACSON, ISRAEL, D.D.—Job: Is the Book Canonical? 1s. (Authors and Booksellers' Co-operative Alliance)

MALLIK, MANMATH C.—The Problem of Existence, 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)

MARCHANT, JAMES.—Confessions of a Soul. Preface by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. 6d. ..... (T. French Downie)

McNEILE, A. H.—An Introduction to Ecclesiastes, 7s. 6d. net (Camb. Univ. Press)

MEYER, REV. F. B., M.A.—In the Beginning God! 3s. 6d. (Brown, Langham and Co.)

It is good to take a volume of this power and simplicity, and, leaving all the controversies and the doubts of life, go back to the foundations of things—"In the Beginning God!" The Rev. F. B. Meyer is well able to find lessons in these four words, and present them with force and originality of thought. The volume is one of the well-known "World's Pulpit" Series.

New Testament, The. Drawings by Charles Robinson. 2s. net (Gowans and Gray, Glasgow)

STOWELL, REV. J. HILTON, M.A.—The Soul's Achievements, 2s. 6d. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

WALTERS, REV. DAVID.—The Social Revival, 2s. 6d. net (A. H. Stockwell)

Mr. Walters has written an unpretentious little book which deserves consideration, commendation, and the true approval which is proved by imitation. He declares firmly, almost passionately, his belief that the social revival must come through religion, and not religion through social revival. Here are honest, spiritual words grasping a big every-day subject, yet never allowing the worldly aspect to come before the heavenly. People of any Christian sect will find much to learn in this issue of the Congregational Pulpit Series.

CLIFFORD, JOHN, D.D.—The Christian Certainties. People's Edition. 1s. net. ..... (Isbister)

FICTION

ALFRED, JAMES.—Missing Ladyland, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)

ASHTON, MARK.—Jezebel's Husband, 6s. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)

BENSON, E. F.—The Challoners, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

BOLTON, GEORGE G.—A Specialist in Crime, 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)

BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.—The Master Hope, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)

BROWN, ALICE.—High Noon, 6s. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)

BULLEY, H. A.—The Church and the World, 6s. ..... (Greening)

A mild story of doings in ritualistic places. The author appears to know some of the inner workings of High Church communities, but, as yet, he is not very clear in his knowledge of real, living men and women. There is a touch of "the decadent" in his work.

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